A Collection
OF
POEMS
Written upon ſeveral
OCCASIONS
By ſeveral
PERSONS.

With many Additions, Never before in Print.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Collins* and *John Ford* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and *Will. Cademan* at the *Popes Head*, *New-Exchange* *Strand*. 1673.

A Description

OF

PLANTS

Which are described by

LINNÆUS.

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THE

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN thoſe cold Climates where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A dreadful Vale lies in a Deſart-Iſle,
On which indulgent Heaven did never ſmile.
There a vaſt Grove of aged Cypreſs Trees,
Which none without an awful horrour ſees,

Into its wither'd arms depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging Birds receives;
Poyſons are all the plants the ſoyl will bear,
And Winter is the only ſeaſon there.
Millions of graves cover the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand Rivers yield,
Whoſe ſtreams oppreſt with carcaſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this Vale a famous Temple ſtands,
Old as the Univerſe which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four Iron Gates
Divide the World by order of the Fates.
There come in crouds doomd to one common grave
The young, the old, the Monarch and the Slave.
Old age, and pains which Mankind moſt deplores,
Are faithful Keepers of thoſe ſacred doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which alſo load
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode,

And Tapers of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoak increaſe the diſmal ſhade:
A Monſter void of Reaſon and of Sight,
The Goddeſs is that ſways this Realm of Night:
Her Power extends o're all things that have breath;
A cruel Tyrant, and her name is Death.
The faireſt object of our wondring eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoyning places where the Altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair *Almeria's* blood.
When ſad *Melintus*, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known by all that ere converſt with fame;
His mind poſſeſt with fury and deſpair,
Within the ſacred Temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That ruſty Scepter which poor Mortals fear,
Who wanting eyes thy ſelf reſpecteſt none;
And neither ſpar'ſt the Lawrel nor the Crown,

Oh! thou whom all Mankind in vain withſtands,
Each of whoſe blood muſt one day ſtain thy hands:
Oh, thou that every eye which ſees the light,
Cloſeſt again in an eternal night,
Open thy ears, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy Power alone can give relief;
I come not hither to prolong my fate,
But wiſh my wretched life a ſhorter date:
And that the Earth would in its bowels hide
A ſoul which Heaven invades on every ſide;
That from the ſight of day I might remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only Comforter of Mindes oppreſt,
The Port where wearied ſpirits are at reſt;
Conductet to *Illyſium*, take my life,
My breſt I offer to thy ſacred knife:
So juſt a grace deny not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, though a worthleſs, ſacrifice.

Others

Others their frail and mortal state forgot;
Before thy Altars are not to be brought
Without constraint: the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade all reaking in the gore it shed;
With several heads and arms confus'dly spread,
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This Tragick Scene makes them in terrour live,
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their Grave.
Before thy face they make undecent moan,
And feel an hundred deaths in fearing one;
The flame becomes unhallowed in their breast,
And he a Murtherer who was a Priest;
His hands profan'd in breaking Natures chain,
By which the bōdy does the soul detain:

But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall;
No shrinking back shall any weakness shew.
And calmly I'le expect the fatal blow.
My limbs no trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal cure for every grief,
Whose aid so many Lovers oft have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound:
Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art,
Nothing but death can ease a broken heart.
And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,
Learn the extreamest rigour of my fate:
Amidst th'innumerable beauteous Train
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain
The fairest Town, the greatest, and the best,
So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.

From

From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
Was of our youth the most ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a Prince whene're she made a Slave.
Love, under whose tyrannick power I groan,
Shew'd me this Beauty ere 'twas fully blown;
Her doubtful hand, and her unpractis'd look,
Their first assurance from my Conquest took;
By wounding me she learnt the fatal Art,
And the first sigh she had was from my heart.
My eyes with tears wetting her snowy arms,
Render'd the tribute due unto her charms:
But as I soonest of all Mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty always made,
So amongst all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of her chain.
Loves heavy burden, my submissive heart
Endur'd not long before she bore her part,

My violent flame melted her frozen breſt,
And in ſoft ſighs her pity ſhe expreſt
Her gentle voice allayd my raging pains,
And her fair hands ſuſtain'd me in my chains
Tears from her eyes attended on my moan,
And they lookt kindly upon me alone.
My hopes and dangers were leſs mine then hers,
Thoſe filled her ſoul with joys, and theſe with tears.
Our hearts united had the ſame deſires
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful Memory, *I* give thee leave
Thy wretched Maſter kindly to deceive.
Make me not once poſſeſſor of her charms.
Let me not find her languiſh in my arms
Paſt joyes are now my cruel fancies Theams,
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams.
Let not thoſe ſcenes before my eyes be brought,
But hide her love from my tormenting thought

And

And in its place disdainful beauty shew;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so,
And something to abate my deep despair,
Oh let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind,
Never was Nymph so lovely, or so kind.
No cold repulses my desires suppress't,
I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* breast.
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy.
Numberless pleasures charmed my sence, and they
Were as my love, without the least allay:
As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasant dream they all are past.
From Heaven her beauty like fierce lightning came
which breaks through darknes with a glorious flame
A while it shines, a while our sight it chears,
But soon the short-liv'd comfort disappears,

And

And thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can asswage.
So oft the light which those bright flashes gave,
Serves to conduct us only to our Grave.
When I had first begun Love's joys to taste,
Those full rewards for fears and dangers past,
A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever Nature wrought.
All things below, alas, uncertain stand
The firmest Rocks are plac'd upon the Sand;
Under this Law both Kings and Crowns must bend
For no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to Time Fate dooms us all,
And at the Tyrants feet we daily fall;
Time, whose bold hand alike does bring to dust
Mankind, and Gods in which Mankind does trust.
Though now her wasted spirits begin to faint,
Her patience ties her tongue from all complaint,

And

And in her heart as in a Fort remains,
But yet at last yields t' her resistless pains.
Thus while the Fever amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way;
Her Fates like Semile's, the Flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grows the Roses, and the Lillies fade.
Her skin has lost that lustre, which surpast
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last;
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
And sorrow triumphs in the Throne of Love.
The Fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and Tongue bewails:
She whose disdain so many Lovers prove,
Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love.

And

And with loud crys, which rend the neighb'ring air
Wounds my sad heart, and wakens my despair.
Both gods and men I charge now with my loss,
And wild with grief, my thoughts each other cross
My heart and tongue labour in both extreams,
That sends up humble prayrs, while this blasphemes
I ask their help whose Power I defie,
And mingle sacriledge with Piety.
But that which do's still more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I still restrain unruly floods of tears.
My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms.
I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
And almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his Mistress dye?

When Reaſon had with all its terrours brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought;
Off on a ſudden fell the forc't diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing heart in weeping eyes,
My apprehenſions now no more confin'd,
Expoſ'd my ſorrows, and betrayd my mind,
The fair afflicted, *Soan* perceives my tears,
Explains my ſighs, and thence concludes my fears;
With ſad preſages of her hopeleſs caſe,
She reads her Fate in my dejected Face,
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of hers alone;
Each does the others burden kindly bear,
I fear her Death, and ſhe bewails my fear:
Although we ſuffer under Fortunes darts,
'Tis thoſe of Love alone which reach our hearts.
Mean-while the Fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our ſighs, and rages at our tears;

Thoſe

Thoſe vain effects of our as vain deſire,
Like Wind and Oyl increaſe the fatal fire.
Almeria feeling th' unjuſt deſtinies
About to ſhut her lips, and cloſe her eyes,
Weeping, in mine put her fair trembling hand,
And with theſe words *I* ſcarce could underſtand;
Her Paſſion in a dying voice expreſs'd
Half: and her ſighs, alas, made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt, this pang Nature forſakes the ſtrife,
Thou muſt thy Myſtriſs loſe, and I my Life.
I die, but dying thine, the Fates may prove
Their Conqueſt over me, but not my Love;
Thy Memory, my Glory, and my pain,
In ſpight of Death it ſelf, ſhall ſtill remain;
Ah! Dear *Melintus*, my hard Fate denies
That hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
From my grievd breſt all thoſe ſoft thoughts are fled
And love ſurvives, although my hope is dead;

Yyield my life, but keep my Paſſion yet;
And can all thoughts but of *Melintus* quit.
My flame increaſes as my ſtrength decayes,
Death, that puts out the light, the heat does raiſe;
Which leavs me not, though *I* from hence remove
I loſe my Lover, but I keep my Love.
The ſigh which ſent forth that laſt tender word,
Up towards the Heavens like a bright *meteor* ſoar'd
And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,
Falls cold and breathleſs in her Lovers Arms,
VVhich ſhews, ſince Death deny'd him then relief;
That 'tis in vain men hope to die with grief.
Goddeſs, that now my Fate has underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood,
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares,
My grief it ſelf enough the reſt declares.
Thou ſeeſt by all my miſery thus diſplay'd,
VVhether *I* ought not to implore thy aid,

Thus

Thus to ſurvive a guilt upon me draws,
And my ſad wiſhes have too juſt a cauſe;
Come then, my only hope, in every place,
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name, once let thy fatal hand
Deſtroy a Swain, that doth the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy Dart, I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling Kings depoſe,
Thy weakeſt my deſir'd releaſe will bring,
And free my Soul already on her wing.

To CELIA.

YOu tell me, *Celia*, you approve,
Yet never muſt return my love;
An anſwer that my hope deſtroys,
And in the cradle wounds our joys;

To kill at once what needs muſt die,
None would to birds and beaſts deny
How can you then ſo cruel prove,
As to preſerve, and torture love.
That beauty Nature kindly meant
For her own pride, and our content;
Why ſhou'd the Tyrant honour make
Our greateſt torment: let us break
His yoke, and that baſe power diſdain,
Which only keeps the good in pain,
In Love and War th' *Impoſtor* do's
The beſt to greateſt harms expoſe.
Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more
This Devil for a God adore;
Like fooliſh *Indians* we have been,
Whoſe whole Religion is a ſin:
If we the Laws of Love had kept,
And not in dreams of Honour ſlept,

He wou'd have ſurely, long ere this,
Have crown'd us with the higheſt bliſs;
Our Joy had then been as compleat,
As now our Folly has been great:
Let's loſe no time then, but repent,
Love welcome's beſt a Penitent.

ANSWER.

THirſis, I wiſh, as well as you,
To Honour there were nothing due;
Then would I pay my debt of love
In the ſame coin that you approve;
Which now you muſt in friendſhip take,
Tis all the payment I can make;
Friendſhip ſo high, that I muſt ſay,
Tis rather love with ſome allay.
And reſt contented, ſince that I
As well my ſelf as you deny.

Learn then of me bravely to bear
The want of what you hold moſt dear;
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my example work on thee.

To CELIA.

Princes make laws by which their ſubjects live
And the high gods rules for their worſhip give
How ſhould poor Mortals elſe a ſervice find
At all proportion'd to their mighty Mind?
Had it been left to us, each one would bring,
Of what he lik'd himſelf, an offering;
And with unwelcom zeal perhaps diſpleaſe
Th' offended *Deity* he would appeaſe.

All powers but thine this mercy do allow,
And how they wou'd be ſerv'd themſelves do ſhew
A rude *Barbarian* wou'd his captiv'd ſo
Fully inſtruct in what he'd have him do.
And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love
Leſs kind then War ſhou'd to the vanquiſht prove?
Say, cruel Fair, then, would you that my flame
Shou'd for a while move under friendſhips name;
Or may it boldly like it ſelf appear,
And its own tale deliver to your ear;
Or muſt it in my tortur'd boſome live
Like fire in quiet flints, and no light give;
And only then humbly ſend forth a ſmall
Spark, when your ſelf does on that ſubject fall;
My paſſion can with any laws comply,
And for your ſake do any thing, but die.

To CLORIS.

CLoris, *I* juſtly am betray'd
By a deſign my ſelf had laid;
Like an old Rook, whom in his cheat
A run of Fortune does defeat.
tho ught at firſt with a ſmall ſum
Of love, thy heap to overcome;
Preſuming on thy want of art,
Thy gentle and unpractis'd heart.
But naked Beauty can prevail,
Like open force, when plots do fail.
Inſtead of that thou haſt all mine,
And *I* have not one ſtake of thine:
And, like all winners, do'ſt diſcover
A willingneſs to give me over.

And though I beg, thou wilt not now;
'Twere better thou ſhould'ſt do ſo too
For I ſo far in debt ſhall run,
Even thee I ſhall be forc't to ſhun.
My hand, alas, is no more mine,
Elſe it had long ago been thine,
My heart I give thee, and we call
No man unjuſt that parts with all.
What a Prieſt ſays moves not the mind,
Souls are by love, not words, combin'd.

To a Lady, who told him he could not Love.

MAdam, though meaner Beauties might,
Perhaps, have need of ſome ſuch ſlight;
Who to excuſe their Rigour, muſt
Say they our paſſions do miſtruſt,

And

And that they wou'd more pity ſhew,
Were they but ſure our loves were true.
You ſhou'd thoſe petty Arts deſpiſe,
Secure of what is once your prize,
We to our Slaves no frauds addreſs,
But as they are our minds expreſs.
Tell me not then I cannot Love,
Say, rather, you it ne're can move;
Who can no more doubt of your charms,
Then I reſiſt ſuch pow'rful arms:
Whoſe numerous force that I withſtood
So long, was not through any hope I cou'd
Eſcape their pow'r, but through deſpair,
Which oft makes Courage ont of fear.
I trembling ſaw how you uſ'd thoſe
Who tamely yielded without blows:
Had you but one of all them ſpar'd,
I might, perhaps, have been enſnar'd,

And not have thus, e're I did yield,
Call'd Love's whole Force into the Field.
Yet now I'm Conquer'd I will prove
Faithful as they that never ſtrove.
All flames in matter where too faſt
They do not ſeize, the longer laſt.
Then blame not mine for moving ſlow
Since all things durable are ſo.
The Oak that's for three hundred years
Deſign'd in growing, one out-wears.
Whilſt flowers for a ſeaſon made
Quickly ſpring up, and quickly fade.

TO CLORIS.

CLoris, you live ador'd by all,
And yet on none your favours fall.

A ſtranger Miſtreſs ne're was known,
You pay us all in Paying none.
We him of avarice accuſe,
Who what he has does fear to uſe
But what diſeaſe of mind ſhall I
Call this thy hated penury?
Thou wilt not give out of a ſtore,
Which no profuſeneſs can make poor.
Miſers, when dead, may make amends.
And in their Wills enrich their friends;
But when thou dy'ſt, thy Treaſure dies,
And thou canſt leave no Legacies.
What madneſs is it then to ſpare,
When we want power to make an Heir?
Live, *Cloris*, then at the full rate,
Of thy great Beauty; and ſince Fate
To Love, and Youth, is ſo ſevere;
Enjoy'm freely while th'art here.

Some caution yet I'de have thee uſe,
Whene're thou doſt a ſervant chuſe.
We are not all for Lovers fit,
No more then Arms or Arts of Wit.
For Wiſdom ſome reſpected are,
Some we ſee pow'rful at the Bar;
Some for Preferment waſte their time
And the ſteep Hill of Honour climb;
Others of Love their buſineſs make,
In Love their whole diverſion take.
Take one of thoſe, for in one breſt
Two paſſions live but ill at reſt:
And even, of them, I'de have thee fly
All that take flame at every eye.
All thoſe that light and faithleſs are,
All that dare more then think thee fair.
Take one of Love who nothing ſays,
And yet whom every word betrays.

Love

Love in the cradle pretty ſhews,
And when't can ſpeak unruly grows.

A Farewel to Love.

ONce more Loves mighty chains are broke,
His ſtrength and cunning I defie,
Once more *I* have thrown off his yoke,
And am a man, and do deſpiſe the Boy.
Thanks to her pride, and her diſdain,
And all the follies of a ſcornful mind,
I had ne're poſſeſt my heart again,
If fair *Miranda* had been kind.

Welcome fond wanderer, as eaſe
And plenty to a wretch in pain,
That worn with want and a diſeaſe,
Enjoys his health and all his friends again.

Let

Let others waſte their time and youth,
VVatch and look pale, to gain a peeviſh maid,
And learn too late this dear-boughr truth,
At length they're ſure to be betray'd.

THough, *Phillis*, your prevailing charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* arms.
That kind defence againſt all powers,
But thoſe reſiſtleſs eyes of yours:
Think not your conqueſt to maintain,
By rigour and unjuſt diſdain;
In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you ſtrive
For love does ſeldom hope ſurvive.
My heart may languiſh for a time,
Whileſt all your Glories in their prime
Can juſtifie ſuch cruelty.
By the ſame force that conquer'd me,

When

When age ſhall come, at whoſe command
Thoſe troops of beauties muſt disband;
A Tyrants ſtrength once took away,
What ſlave ſo dull as to obey!

EPILOGUE

To every Man in his humour.

INtreaty ſhall not ſerve nor violence,
To make me ſpeak in ſuch a Playes defence.
A Play where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*:
The Scene (what more abſurd) in *England* lies,
No Gods deſcend, nor dancing Devils riſe;
No captive Prince from nameleſs Country brought
No battel, nay, there's not a duel fought.

And

And ſomething yet more ſharply might be ſaid,
But *I* conſider the poor Author's dead;
Let that be his excuſe--- Now for our own,
VVhy---Faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but ſome will ſay,
Pox on 'em Rogues what made 'em chuſe this Play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice, but meer neceſſity;
To all our writing friends, in Town, we ſent,
But not a VVit durſt venture out in *Lent*;
Have patience but till *Eaſter*-Term, and then
You ſhall have Jigg and Hobby-horſe agen.
Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our domeſtique VVit,
Does promiſe one of the ten Plays h'as writ;
But ſince great bribes weigh nothing with the juſt
Know, we have merits, and in them we truſt;
VVhen any Faſts, or Holy-days, defer
The publick labours of the *Theatre*,

We

We ride not forth although the day be fair,
On ambling Tit to take the Suburb-air,
But with our Authors meet, and ſpend that time
To make up quarrels between ſence and rhyme.
Wedneſdays and *Fridays* conſtantly we ſate
Till after many a long and free debate,
For divers weighty reaſons 'twas thought fit,
Unruly ſence ſhu'd ſtill to rhyme ſubmit.
This the moſt wholeſom Law we ever made.
So ſtrictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break.

[*Enter* Johnſon's *Ghoſt*.

Hold, and give way, for *I* my ſelf will ſpeak,
Can you encourage ſo much inſolence,
And add new faults ſtill to the great offence
Your Anceſtors ſo raſhly did commit
Againſt the mighty Powers of Art and Wit?

When

When they condemn'd thoſe noble works of mine
Sejanus, and my beſt lov'd *Cataline*:
Repent, or on your guilty heads ſhall fall
The curſe of many a rhyming Paſtoral:
The three bold *Beauchamps* ſhall revive again,
And with the *London* Prentice conquer *Spain*
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall riſe and find applauſe upon this *Stage*.
But if you pay the great arrears of praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much injur'd Plays,
From all paſt crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to write like me.

To a very Young Lady.

SWeeteſt bud of Beauty, may
No untimely froſt decay

Th'ear

Th' early glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchleſs face;
But kindly opening, like the Roſe,
Freſh beauties every day diſcloſe,
Such as by *Nature* are not ſhewn
In all the bloſſoms ſhe has blown:
And then what conqueſt ſhall you make,
Who hearts already dayly take;
Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,
How ſhall we bear thoſe ſad extreams
Which muſt attend thy threatning eyes
When thou ſhalt to thy Noon ariſe

The forſaken Miſtreſs.

DIALOGUE.

Phil. TEll me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly;

Does my love thy love deſtroy;
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O ſtay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) diſdain;
But leſt I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry frown ile ſhed a tear.

And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine, at leaſt, thy pity move:
Ah while I ſcorn, vouchſafe to woo,
Methinks you may diſſemble too.

Sir. Ah *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my love alive,
But all your other charms muſt fail,
When kindneſs ceaſes to prevail.

Alas

Alas! no leſs then you, I grieve,
My dying flame has no reprieve,
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,
One Beautie able to renew
Thoſe pleaſures I enjoy in you,
When Love and Youth did both conſpire
To fill our breaſts and veins with fire.

'Tis true, ſome other Nymph may gain
That heart which merits your diſdain,
But ſecond Love has ſtill allay,
The joys grow aged, and decay.
Then blame me not for loſing more
Then Love and Beauty can reſtore:
And let this truth thy comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

The Divided Heart.

AH! *Celia*, that I were but ſure
Thy love, like mine, cou'd ſtill endure;
That time and abſence, which diſtroy
The cares of Lovers, and their joy,
Cou'd never rob me of that part
Which you have giv'n me of your heart;
Others unenvy'd might poſſeſs
Whole hearts, and boaſt that happineſs.

Twas nobler Fortune to divide
The *Roman Empire* in her pride
Then on ſome low and barb'rous Throne,
Obſcurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love only from thy heart exacts
The ſeveral debts thy face contracts,
And by that new and juſter way
Secures thy *Empire* and his ſway;

Fa-

Fav'ring but one he might compel
The hopeleſs Lover to rebel.

But ſhou'd he other hearts thus ſhare,
That in the whole ſo worthleſs are,
Shou'd into ſeveral ſquadrons draw
That ſtrength which kept entire cou'd awe,
Men would his ſcatter'd powers deride,
And conqu'ring Him thoſe ſpoils divide.

TO Mr J. N. *on his Tranſlations out of* French *and* Italian.

WHile others toil our Country to ſupply
With what we need only for Luxury,
Spices, and Silk, in the rich Eaſt provide,
To glut our Avarice and feed our pride
You forreign learning proſperouſly tranſmit,
To raiſe our Virtue; and provoke our Wit.

You forreign learning prosperously transmit,
To raise our Vertue, and provoke our Wit.
Such brave designs your gen'rous soul inflame
To be a bold Adventurer for Fame;
How much oblig'd are *Italy* and *France*,
While with your voice their Musick you advance?
Your growing Fame with Envy can oppose,
Who sing with no less art then they compose;
In these attempts so few have had success,
Their Beauties suffer in our English dress:
By artless hands spoil'd of their native air,
They seldom pass from moderately fair:
As if you meant these injuries to atone,
You give them charms more conqu'ring then their own
Not like the dull laborious Flatterer,
With secret art those graces you confer.
The skilful Painters with slight stroaks impart,
That subtil beauty which affects the heart.

There

There are who publickly profeſs they hate
Tranſlations, and yet all they write tranſlate:
So proud, they ſcorn to drive a lawfull trade,
Yet by their wants are ſhameleſs Pirates made:
Theſe you incenſe, while you their thefts reveal
Or elſe prevent in what they meant to ſteal
From all beſides; you are ſecure of praiſe,
But you ſo high our expectation raiſe,
A gen'ral diſcontent we ſhall declare,
If ſuch a workman only ſhou'd repair.
You to the dead your Piety have ſhewn,
Adora'd their monuments, now build your own:
Drawn in the Eaſt, we in your lines may trace
That *Genius* which of old inſpir'd the place:
The baniſh'd Muſes back to *Greece* you bring,
Where their beſt airs you ſo divinely ſing;
The world muſt own they are by you reſtor'd
To ſacred ſhades, where they were firſt ador'd.

Virtues Urania.

HOpeleſs I languiſh out my days,
Struck with *Urania's* conqu'ring eyes:
The wretch at whom ſhe darts theſe rayes
Muſt feel the wound untill he dies.

Though endleſs be her cruelty,
Calling her beauties to my mind,
I bow beneath her tyranny,
And dare not murmur ſhe's unkind

Reaſon this tamneſs does upbraid,
Proffring to arm in my defence;
But when I call her to my aid,
She's more a Traitor then my ſenſe.

No ſooner I the warr declare
But ſtrait her ſuccour ſhe denies,
And joyning forces with the fair,
Confirms the conqueſt of her eyes.

Silvia

Silvia.

THe Nymph that undoes me, is fair & unkind
No leſs then a wonder by Nature deſign'd;
She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
And the cauſe of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth from whence wit ſtill obligingly flows
Has the beautiful bluſh, and the ſmell of the roſe;
Love and deſtiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look, with a frown ſhe can kill

The deſperate Lover can hope no redreſs,
Where beautie and rigour are both in exceſs;
In *Silvia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her mnſt love, & who loves her muſt die.

TO Celia

AS in thoſe Nations where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worſhipper that makes the *God*:
So, cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n thee all
We Mortals (Virtue, or can Beauty) call,
Tis we that give the Thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your Eyes, and to our ſelves the wounds.
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your *Beauty*, and more vain your Pride;
All envy'd beings that the world can ſhew,
Still to ſome meaner thing their greatneſs ow;
Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers) conſtitute thy Reign.

This

This difference only Beauties Realm may boaſt;
Where moſt it favours, it enſlaves the moſt
And they to whom it is indulgent found,
Are ever in the rudeſt fetters bound.
What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known,
Cruel to thoſe that ſerv'd to make him one.
Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd,
And Beauty a Diſeaſe, when 'tis not kind.

The Submiſſion.

AH! Pardon, Madam, if I ever thought
Your ſmalleſt favors could too dear be bought
And the juſt greatneſs of your Servants flame
I did the poorneſs of their ſpirits name;
Calling their due attendance, Slavery,
Your power of Life and Death, flat Tyranny;

Since

Since now I yield, and do confeſs there is
No way too hard that leads to ſuch a bliſs.
So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,
Where loſs was Death, and Conqueſt but a Face,
He ſtood amazed at the fatal ſtrife,
Wondring that Love ſhou'd dearer be then Life
But when he ſaw the Prize, no longer ſtaid,
But through thoſe very dangers ſought the Maid,
And won her too: O may his Conqueſt prove
A happy Omen to my purer Love,
Which, if the honour of all Victory
In the reſiſtance of the Vanquiſht lie,
Though it may be the leaſt regarded Prize,
Is not the ſmalleſt Trophy of your eyes.

Conſtancy.

FEar not, my Dear, a flame can never die,
That is once kindled by ſo bright an eye:

Look

Look on thy ſelf, and meaſure thence my love
Think what a paſſion ſuch a form muſt move;
For though thy Beauty firſt allur'd my ſight,
Yet now I look on it but as the light
That led me to the treaſury of thy mind,
Whoſe inward virtue in that feature ſhin'd.
That knot (be confident) will ever laſt,
Which Fancy ty'd, and Reaſon has made faſt;
So faſt, that time (although it may diſarm
Thy lovely face) my faith can never harm;
And age, deluded when it comes, will find
My love remov'd, and to thy ſoul aſſign'd.
The paſſion I have now ſhall ne're grow leſs,
No, though thy own fair ſelf ſhould it oppreſs
I could e'en hazard my Eternity,
Love but again, and, twill a Heaven be.

The

The Indifference.

THanks, fair *Urania*, to your ſcorn,
I now am free as I was born;
Of all the pain that I endur'd
By your late coldneſs, I am cur'd.

In loſing me, proud Nymph, you loſe
The humbleſt Slave your Beauty knows;
In loſing you, I but throw down
A cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

I muſt confeſs I ne're could find
Your equal, or in ſhape, or mind.
Y'ave beauty, wit, and all things know,
But where you ſhou'd your love beſtow.

I unawares my freedom gave,
And to thoſe Tyrants grew a Slave;
But would y'ave kept what you have won,
You ſhould have more compaſſion ſhewn.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleaſure carry, but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

'm not of thoſe who court their pain,
And make an Idol of diſdain;
My hope in Love does ne're expire,
But I loſe alſo the deſire.

Nor yet of thoſe, who ill receiv'd,
Would gladly have ſtrange things believ'd
And if your heart you do defend,
Their force againſt your honour bend.

Who e're does make his Victor leſs,
His own low weakneſs does confeſs;
And whiles her pow'r he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own ſhame.

Even that malice does betray,
And ſpeak concern another way:
And all ſuch ſcorn in men is but
The ſmoke of fires ill put out.

He's ſtill in torment whom the rage
To detraction does engage;
In Love *Indifference* is ſure
The only ſign of perfect cure.

Yet, cruel Fair, if thou canſt prove
As happy in ſome other love,
As I could once have done in thine,
The Sun on happier does not ſhine.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Thirsis.

STrephon! O Strephon! once the jollieſt Lad
That with ſhrill Pipe did ever Mountain glad
While'ome the formoſt at our Rural Playes,
The Pride and Glory of our Holy-days:
Why doſt thou now ſit muſing all alone,
Teaching the Turtles yet a ſadder groan?
Swel'd with thy Tears, why does the neighb'ring (Brook
Bear to the Ocean what ſhe never took?
Why do our Woods, ſo us'd to hear thee Sing,
With nothing now but with thy Sorrows ring?
Thy Flocks are well and fruitful, and no Swain
Then thee more welcome to the Hill or Plain.

Strephon.

No loſs of theſe, or care of thoſe are left.
Hath wretched *Strephon* of his peace bereft,

I could invite the Wolf, my cruel Gueſt,
And play unmov'd while he on all did feaſt;
I could endure that every Swain out-run, (ſhun
Out-threw, out-wreſtl'd, and each Nymph ſhou'd
The hapleſs *Strephon*: But the Gods, *I* find,
To no ſuch trifles have this Heart deſign'd;
A feller grief, and ſadder loſs, *I* plain,
Then ever Shepherd, or did Prince, ſuſtain;
Bright *Galatea*, in whoſe matchleſs face
Sate ru al nnocence with heavenly grace,
In whoſe no leſs to be adored mind,
With equal light, even diſtant virtues ſhin'd,
Chaſte, without pride; though gentle, yet not ſoft;
Not always cruel, nor yet kind too oft:
Fair Goddeſs of theſe Fields, who for our ſports,
Though ſhe might well become deſpiſed Courts,
Belov'd of all, and loving one alone,
Is from my ſight, I fear, for ever gone;

Now

Now I am ſure thou wondreſt not, I grieve:
But rather art amazed that I live.

Thirſis,

Thy caſe indeed is pitiful, but yet
Thou on thy loſs too great a price doſt ſet;
Women, like days are, *Strephon*, ſome be far
More bright and glorious then others are;
Yet none ſo wonderful were ever ſeen,
But by as fair they have ſucceeded been.

Strephon,

Others as fair, and may as worthy prove,
But ſure I never ſhall another love;
Her bright *Idea* wanders in my thought,
At once my Poyſon, and my Antidote;
The Stag ſhall ſooner with the Eagle ſoar,
Seas leave their Fiſhes naked on the ſhoar;

The Wolf ſhall ſooner by the Lambkin die,
And from the Kid the hungry Lion flie,
Then I forget her face; what once I love,
May from my eyes, but not my heart remove.

To a Lady, who fled the ſight of him.

IF I my *Celia* cou'd perſwade
To ſee thoſe wounds her eyes have made,
And hear whilſt I that paſſion tell,
Which, like her ſelf, does ſo excel,
How ſoon we might be freed from care!
She need not fear, nor I deſpair.

Such Beauty does the Nymph protect,
That all approach her with reſpect;
And can I offer violence
Where love does joyn in her defence?

This

This guard might all her fears diſperſe,
Did ſhe with *Savages* converſe:
Then my *Celia* wou'd ſurprize
With what's produc'd by her own eyes;
Thoſe matchleſs flames which they inſpire
In her own Breaſt, ſhou'd raiſe a fire
For Love, but with more ſubtil Art,
As well as Beauty charms the Heart.

To a Lady, asking him how long he would love her.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our power
To ſay how long our love will laſt,
It may be we within this hour
May loſe thoſe joys we now do taſte;
The Bleſſed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will laſt;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt;
Were it not madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe w'are ſure to die;

SONG.

TEll me no more you love; in vain,
Fair *Celia*, You this paſſion feign;
Can they pretend to love, who do
Refuſe what Love perſwades them to;
Who once has felt his active flame,
Dull Laws of Honour will diſdain;
You wou'd be thought his Slave, and yet
You will not to his pow'r ſubmit.

My

More cruel then thoſe Beauties are,
Whoſe coyneſs wounds us to deſpair;
For all the kindneſs which you ſhew,
Each ſmile and kiſs which you beſtow,
Are like thoſe cordials which we give
To dying men, to make them live,
And languiſh out an hour in pain;
Be kinder, *Celia*, or diſdain.

TO HER EXCELLENCE, THE Marchioness OF NEW-CASTLE,

After the Reading of Her incomparable POEMS.

Madam,

With so much wonder we are struck
When we begin to read your matchless (Book,
A while your own excess of merit stays
Our forward Pens, and does suspend your Praise,
Till time our minds does gently recompose,
Allays this wonder, and our duty shews,

In-

Inſtructs us how your Virtues to proclaim,
And what we ought to pay to your Great Fame;
Your Fame, which in your Country has no bounds,
But whereſoever Learning's known reſounds.

Thoſe Graces Nature did till now divide,
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,
Are joyn'd in you; and all to you ſubmit,
The brighteſt Beauty, and the ſharpeſt Wit.
No Faction here, or fiery Envy ſways,
They give you Myrtle, while we offer Bays.
What Mortal dares diſpute thoſe Wreaths with you
Arm'd thus with Lightning, and with Thunder too?

This made the Great *Newcaſtle*'s Heart your Prize,
Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious eyes
Had only pow'r his Martial Mind to tame,
And raiſe in his Heroick Breaſt a Flame:
A Flame, which with his Courage ſtill aſpires
As if immortal Fuel fed thoſe Fires:

This

This Mighty Chief, and your Great Self made One,
Together the same Race of Glory run;
Together in the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours, his Virtue: and like yours, his Love.
While we your Praise endeav'ring to rehearse,
Pay that great Duty in our humble Verse,
Such as may justly move your Anger, You,
Like Heaven, forgive them, and accept them too
But what we cannot, your brave *Hero* payes,
He builds those Monuments we strive to raise:
Such as to after-Ages shall make known,
While he records your Deathless Fame, his own.
So when an Artist some rare Beauty draws,
Both in our wonder share, and our applause:
His skill from Time secures the Glorious Dame,
And makes himself immortal in her Fame.

EPI.

EPILOGUE TO TARTUFF, Spoken by Himself,

MAny have been the vain attempts of Wit
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,
And vanquish'd *Busy* in a Puppet-play:
But *Busy* rallying, arm'd with zeal, and rage,
Possest the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at English Knaves is dang'rous then,
While English Fools will think them honest Men.
But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
(Papist,
There are Damn'd Rogues among the *French* and
That fix Salvation to short band and Hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r?
That use t'enjoy the Creature to express
Plain VVhoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness?
And in a decent way perform them too,
As well, nay better far, alas, then you;
Whose fleshly failings are but Fornication,
We godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
Zeal stands but Centr'y at the Gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
You march, and take Damnation by surprize,
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
Can go so far tow'rds Hell for half a Crown,

As

As I for ſix Pence, for we know the way;
For want of Guides Men often go aſtray:
Therefore give ear to what I ſhall adviſe,
Let every married Man, that's grave and wiſe,
Take a *Tartuff*, of known ability,
To teach and to inſtruct his Family,
Who may ſo ſettle laſting Reformation,
Firſt get his Son, then give him Education.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

AFter a pretty amorous diſcourſe,
She does reſiſt my love with pleaſing force;
Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modeſty,
Againſt her will ſhe is my Enemy.

Her

Her eyes the rudeneſs of her Arms excuſe,
Whilſt thoſe accept what theſe ſeem to refuſe;
To eaſe my paſſion, and to make me bleſt,
Th'obliging ſmock falls from her whiter breaſt;
Then with her lovely hands ſhe does conceal
Thoſe wonders Chance ſo kindly did reveal;
In vain, alas, her nimble fingers ſtrove
To ſhield her *Beauties* from my greedy Love;
Guarding her Breaſts, her Lips ſhe did expoſe,
To ſave a Lilly ſhe muſt loſe a Roſe;
So many charms ſhe has in ev'ry place,
A hundred hands cannot defend each Grace.
Sighing at length her force ſhe does recal,
For ſince I muſt have Part, ſhe'll give me All.
Her arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,
And ſeem to guide me to the fought-for place.
Her love is in her ſparkling eyes expreſt,
She falls o'th'bed for pleaſure, more then reſt.

But Oh, ſtrange paſſion! Oh, abortive joy!
My zeal does my devotion quite deſtroy
Come to the Temple where I ſhou'd adore
My Saint, I worſhip at the ſacred door;
Oh, cruel chance! the Town which did oppoſe
My ſtrength ſo long, now yields to my diſpoſe;
When, overjoy'd with victory, I fall
Dead at the foot of the ſurrender'd wall
Without the uſual Ceremony, we
Have both fulfill'd the am'rous myſtery
The action which we ſhou'd have joyntly done,
Each has unluckily perform'd alone;
The Union which our Bodies ſhou'd enjoy,
The Union of our eager ſouls deſtroy.
Our flames are puniſh'd by their own exceſs,
W'd had more pleaſure had our Loves been leſs;
She bluſh'd and frown'd, perceiving we had done,
The ſport ſhe thought we ſcarce had yet begun;

Alas,

Alas, ſaid I, condemn your ſelf, not me,
This is th'effect of too much modeſty.
Hence with that peeviſh virtue, the delight
Of both our Victories was loſt i'th fight;
Yet from my ſhame your glory does ariſe,
My weakneſs proves the vigour of your eyes;
They did conſume the Victim, ere it came
Unto the Altar, with a purer flame:
Phillis, let then this comfort eaſe your care,
Y'ad been more happy had you been leſs fair.

A

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the DUKE'S NEW PLAY-HOUSE.

'Tis not in this as in the former Age,
When Wit alone suffic'd t'adorn the stage;
When things well said an Audience cou'd invite,
Without the hope of such a Gaudy Sight:
What with your Fathers took wou'd take with you
If Wit had still the Charm of being New;
Had not enjoyment dull'd your appetite,
She in her homely dress wou'd yet delight;
Such stately Theatres we need not raise,
Our Old House wou'd put off our dullest Plays.
You Gallants know a fresh Wench of sixteen
May drive the Trade in honest Bombarine

And never want good Cuſtom, ſhou'd ſhe lie
In a back-Room, two or three ſtories high:
But ſuch a Beauty as has long been known,
Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,
Muſt, if ſhe mean to thrive in this leud Town,
Wear Points, lac'd Petticoats, and a rich Gown;
Her Lodgings too muſt with her Dreſs agree,
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapeſtry;
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glaſs,
To ſtrike reſpect into an Am'rous Aſs.
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors ſhou'd ſubmit
So tamely to their Predeceſſors wit,
Since, I am ſure, among you there are few
Wou'd grant your Grand-fathers had more then you
But hold! I in this buſineſs may proceed too far,
And raiſe a ſtorme againſt our Theatre;

And

And then what wou'd the wiſe Adventurers ſay,
Who are in a much greater fright to day
Then ever Poet was about his Play?
Our apprehenſions none can juſtly blame,
Money is dearer much to us then Fame:
This thought on, let our Poets juſtifie
The Reputation of their Poetry;
We are reſolv'd we will not have to do
With what's between thoſe Gentlemen and you.
Be kind, and let our Houſe have but your praiſe,
You'r welcome every day to damn their Plays

Falling in love with a Stranger at a Play.

FAIR *Amarillis*, on the Stage, whilſt you
Behold a feigned love you gave a true;

I like a Coward in the Amorous War,
Came only to look on, yet got a Scar;
Fixt by your eyes, I had no power to flie,
They held me whil'ſt you gain'd the Victory:
I thought I ſafely might my ſight content,
To which the power to like (not love) I lent;
And if I ventur'd on ſome ſlight Diſcourſe,
It ſhould be ſuch as could no paſſion nurſe:
Led by the treacherous luſtre of your eyes,
At laſt I plaid too near the Precipice:
Love came diſguis'd in wonder and delight;
And I was conquer'd e're I knew him right;
Your words fell on my paſſion like thoſe ſhowers;
Which ſwell and multiply the riſing flowers;
Like *Cupid's* ſelf, a God, and yet a child,
Your looks at once were awful, and yet mild:
Methoughts you bluſh'd, as conſcious of my flame,
Whil'ſt your ſtrict vertue did your beauty blame:

But

But reſt ſecure; y'are from the guilt as free,
As Saints ador'd from our Idolatry;
And Love a Torment doe's for me prepare,
Beyond your rigour in my own deſpair.

Indifference excuſed.

LOve, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of ſighs nor tears to make it known;
And to convince the cruel'ſt Maid,
Lovers ſhould uſe their love alone:

Into their very looks 'twill ſteal;
And he that moſt will hide his flame
Doe's in that care his pains reveal,
Silence it ſelfe can love proclam:

This

This *Aurelia* made me ſhun
The paths that common lovers tread:
Whoſe guilty paſſions are begun,
Not in their Hearts, but in their Head.

I cou'd not ſigh, and with croſs'd arms
Lament your Rigour and my Fate,
Nor tax your beauty with ſuch charms
As men adore, and VVomen hate:

But careleſs live, and without Art,
Knowing my love you muſt have ſpi'de,
And thinking it a fooliſh part,
To ſtrive to ſhew what none can hide.

The Platonick.

FAIR *Octavia*, you are much too blame
To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame.
I did converſe, 'tis true, ſo far was mine;
But that I lov'd, and hop'd, was wholly thine;
Not hop'd, as others do, for a return,
But that I might without offending burn.
I thought thoſe eyes which every hour
Could not remember all the wounds they gave,
Forgotten in the crowd *I* wiſht to lie,
And of your coldneſs, not your anger, die;
Yet ſince you know I love, 'tis now no time
Longer to hide, let me excuſe the crime;

Seeing what laws I to my paſſion give,
Perhaps you may conſent that it ſhould live;
First, it never ſhall a hope advance
Of waiting on you, but by ſeeming chance,
I at a diſtance will adore your eyes,
As awful *Perſians* do the Eaſtern Skies,
I never will preſume to think of Sex,
Norwith groſs thoughts my deathleſs love perplex
I tread a pleaſant path without deſign;
And to thy care my happineſs reſign,
From Heaven it ſelf thy beauty cannot be
A freer gift then is my love to thee.

TO

To a Devout Young Woman.

Phillis this mighty zeal asswage,
You over-act your part;
The Martyrs at your tender Age,
Gave Heaven but half their heart.

Old men (till past the pleasure) ne're
Declaim against the sin,
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at fifteen.

The World to Youth is too severe,
And like a treacherous light,

Beauty the Actions of the fair
Expoſes to their ſight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
Wiſe Combinations ſeldom miſs,
Let's try what we can do.

SONG.

WHEN *Aurelia* firſt became
The Miſtreſs of his heart,
So milde and gentle was her reign,
Thirſis in hers had part.

Reſerves and care he laid aſide,
And gave his Love the Reins;
The headlong courſe he now muſt bide,
No other way remains.

At firſt her cruelty he fear'd,
But that being overcome,
No ſecond for a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own:

He call'd himſelf a happier m...
Then ever lov'd before;
Her favours ſtill his hopes out-ran;
What Mortal can have more?

Love ſmil'd at firſt, then looking gra:
Said, *Thirſis* leave to boaſt;
More joy then all her kindneſs gave,
Her fickleneſs will coſt.

He ſpoke, and from that fatal time,
All *Thirſis* did, or ſaid,

Appear'd unwelcome, or a crime,
To the ungrateful Maid.

Then he deſpairing of her heart,
Would fain have had his own
Love anſwered, ſuch a Nymph could part
With nothing ſhe had won.

TO CLORIS.

CLoris, I cannot ſay, your eyes
Did my unwary heart ſurprize,
Nor will I ſwear it was your face,
Your ſhape, or any nameleſs grace;
For you are ſo entirely fair,
To love a part injuſtice were;

No

No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his laſt breath did ſtop;
So when the ſtars in Heaven appear,
And joyn to make the Night look clear;
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the united work of all;
He that both lips, or hands adore,
Deſerves them only, and no more;
But *I* love all, and every part,
And nothing leſs can eaſe my heart.
Cupid, that Lover weakly ſtrikes,
Who can expreſs what 'tis he likes.

SONG.

Aurelia, art thou mad
To let the World in me

Envy joyes I never had,
And cenſure them in thee.

Fill'd with grief for what is paſt,
Let us at length be wiſe,
And the Banquet boldly taſt,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does eaſie ſouls deſpiſe,
Who loſe themſelves for toyes,
And eſcape for thoſe deviſe,
VVho taſt his utmoſt joyes.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a folly is,
VVho are for vain ſwearing damn'd,
And knew no higher bliſs.

Love ſhould like the year be crown'd,
With ſweet variety;
Hope ſhould in the Spring be found
Kind fears, and jealouſie.

In the Summer flower ſhould riſe,
And in the Autumn Fruit;
His Spring doth elſe but mock our eyes,
And in a ſcoff ſalute.

SONG

LOve ſtill has ſomething of the Sea,
From whence his Mother roſe;
No time his Slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repoſe:

They

They are becalm'd in cleareſt dayes,
And in rough weather toſt;
They wither under cold delayes,
Or are in tempeſts loſt.

One while they ſeem to touch the Port,
Then ſtraight into the Main,
Some angry Wind in cruel ſport,
Their Veſſel drives again.

At firſt, diſdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to ſcape,
Rivals and falſhood ſoon appear
In a more dreadful ſhape.

By ſuch degrees to joy they come,
And are ſo long withſtood,

So ſlowly they receive the ſumme,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a Bliſs,
Believe me, gentle *Hermione*,
No leſs inhumane is.

An hundred thouſand oaths your fears,
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thouſand years,
I could no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to gueſs,
Then for me to explain;
But grant, O grant that happineſs
Which only does remain.

So

A Dialogue between Amintas *and* Celia.

Celia. *Amintas* I am come alone,
According as I ſaid;
But whither is thy Honour flown?
I fear I am betray'd:
Thy looks are chang'd, and in the place
Of innocent deſires,
Methinks I ſee thy eyes and face
Burn with unuſal fires.

Amintas. See's not my *Celia* Nature wear
One Countenance in the Spring,
And yet another ſhape prepare,
To bring the Harveſt in?

Look

Look on the Eagle, how unlike
He to the Egg is found,
When he prepares his Pownce to ſtrike
His Prey againſt the ground ;
Fears might my Infant Love become ;
Twere want of kindneſs now,
Should modeſty my Hope benum,
Or check what you allow

Celia. *Amintas* hold, what could you worſe
To worſt of Women do ?
Ah ! how could you a paſſion nurſe,
So much my Honours Foe ?

Amintas. Make not an idol of a Toy,
Which every breath can ſhake,
Which all muſt have, or none enjoy,
What courſe ſo e're we take :

Whil'ſt Women hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be ſecure;
What makes my *Celia* then a pain
So fruitleſs to endure?

Celia. Could I the World neglect for thee,
Thy love, though dear it coſt,
In ſome unkind conceit of me,
Would be untimely loſt:
Thou would'ſt thy own Example fear,
And every heedleſs word
I chance let fall beyond thy care,
Would ſome new doubt afford.

Amintas. If I am jealous, 'tis becauſe
I know not where you love;

With

With me fulfil Loves gentle Laws,
And all my fears remove.

Celia. Women, like things, at ſecond hand,
Do half their value loſe,
But whilſt all Courtſhip they withſtand,
May at their pleaſure chooſe.

Amintas. This were a fine Diſcourſe, my Dear,
If we were not alone;
But now Love whiſpers in my ear,
There's ſomewhat to be done.
She ſaid ſhe never would forgive,
He kiſſing, ſwore ſhe ſhould;
And told her ſhe was mad to ſtrive
Againſt their mutual good.

What farther paſt, I canot tell,
But ſure not much amiſs;
He vow'd he lov.d her dearly well,
She anſwered with a kiſs.

SONG.

GEet you gone, you will undo me;
If you love me, don't purſue me;
Let that inclination periſh,
Which I dare no longer cheriſh;
It does of late ſo faſt prevail,
It muſt go now or not at all:
For ſhould it gather farther ſtrength,
'Twould give my Honour Laws at length:
With harmleſs thoughts I did begin,
But in the Crowd Love entred in;

I knew him not he was ſo gay,
So innocent and full of play;
At every hour, in every place,
I neither ſaw; nor form'd your face;
All that in Playes was finely writ,
My thoughts for you, and me were fit.
My Dreams at night were all of you,
Such as till then I never knew:
I ſported thus in young deſire,
Chear'd with light, free from his fire:
But now his Teeth and Claws are grown,
Let me the Fatal Lion ſhun;
You found me harmleſs, leave me ſo;
For were I not, you'd leave me too.

SONG.

PHillis, you have enough enjoy'd
The pleaſures of Diſdain;
Methinks your pride ſhou'd now be cloy'd,
And grow it ſelf again:
Open to Love your long ſhut Breſt,
And entertain it's ſweeteſt Gueſt.

Love that can heal the wounds he gives,
And can ill uſage ſlight;
May laugh at all that Fate contrives,
Full of it's own delight,
For in his Chains w'are happier far,
Then Kings themſelves without 'em are.

Leave

Leave then to tame Philoſophy
The joyes of quietneſs;
With me into Loves Empire fly,
And taſte my happineſs:
Where even Tears and Sighs can ſhow,
Pleaſures the cruel never know.

MADAM, for your Commands to ſtay,
Is the mean duty of a Wretch,
Whoſe ſervice you with wages pay:
Lovers ſhould at occaſion catch,
Not idly wait till it be brought,
But with the deed o'retake your thought;
Honour and Love let them give o're,
Who do their duty, and no more.

Awake

AWake my Eyes, at night my thoughts pur-
(sue
Your Charming Shape, & find it ever new
If I my weary breast to sleep resign,
In gaudy Dreams your love and beauty shine;
Dreams with such Extasies Pleasures fill'd,
As to those joyes they seem can only yield:
Nor do they yield perhaps, wou'd you allow,
Dear *Flavia*, that I once might know.

SONG

PHillis, let's shun the common Fate,
And let our love never turn to hate;
I'le dote no longer then I can,
Without being call'd a faithless Man,
VVhen we begin to want Discoutse,

And

And kindneſs ſeems to taſt f force,
As freely as we met, we'le part,
Each one poſſeſt of their own heart.
Thus whil'ſt grave Fools themſelves undo,
We'll Game, and give off Savers too:
So equally the match we'll make,
Both ſhall be glad to draw the ſtake.
A ſmile of thine ſhall make my bliſs;
I will enjoy thee in a kiſs:
I'le love and hate juſt where you do,
And for't no other reaſon know.
When from this height my love does fall
Wee'l bravely ſcorn to love at all:
If thy affection firſt decay,
I'le the whole blame on Nature lay.
Alas what Cordial can remove,
The haſty Fate of dying Love?

I'le grieve as for a friend deceas'd
And with the next as well be pleas'd:
Thus we will all the World excel,
In loving, and in living well.

DISTICH.

ALthough no Art the Fire of Love can tame
'Tis oft extingiuſh't by an equal flame.

THE painted Apples that adorn,
Of yon'd fair Tree, the Airy top,
And ſeems our dull approach to ſcorn,
From their weak Stalk muſt one day drop;

And

And out of reach of Mortals plac't,
Be the vile food of Worms at laſt;
Thus ends of Humane things the Pride,
Born down Times ever-flowing Tide.

Thy Matchleſs Beauty, that we all
Now with ſuch heat and paſſion court,
Though kept from worthy Lovers, ſhall
Confeſs its Tyranny but ſhort:
Then do not Love with Anger meet,
Nor cruel be, to ſeem diſcreet:
Shunning what Nature does intend,
Things ſeldom meet a Nobler End.

SONG,

SONG

NOt *Celia* that I juſter am,
Or better then the reſt
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my intereſt.

But I am ty'd to very thee,
By every thought I have
Should you my heart but once ſet free,
I would be no more ſlave.

All that is Woman is ador'd:
In thy dear ſelf I find:

For your whole Sex can but afford,
The handſome and the kind.

Why then ſhould I ſeek farther ſtore,
And ſtill make love anew?
When change it ſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſie to be true.

SONG.

THirſis no more againſt my flame adviſe,
But let me be in love, and be you wiſe;
Here end, and there begin a new addreſs,
Purſue the vulgar, eaſie happineſs:
Leave me to *Amaranta*, who alone
Can in my ſullen heart erect her Throne:

know as well as you 'tis mean to burn,
For one who to our flame makes no return:
But you like me know not those conquering eyes,
Which mock prevention by a quick surprize:
And now like a hurt Deer, in vain I start,
From her, that in my breast has hid the Dart.
Though *I* can never reach her Excellence,
Take somewhat in my hopeless Loves defence.
Her Beauty is her not esteemed Wealth,
And Graces move about her eyes by stealth;
Vertue in others, the forc't Child of Art
Is but the constant temper of her Heart:
All charms her *Sex* so often courts in vain,
(Like *Indian* Fruit, which our cold Earth disdain)
In her grow wild, as in their Native Air;
And she has all perfection without care.
O Loves harms she has a gentle sense,
For Beauty else would clogg her innocence:

Like a wiſe Prince ſhe rules her ſervants ſo,
That neither want nor Luxury they know;
None vainly hoping what ſhe may not give,
Like humble ſlaves at ſmall expence we live:
And I the wretched comfort only ſhare,
To be the laſt whom ſhe will bid deſpair.

SONG.

I Ask not my *Celia* would love me again,
In its own pleaſure my love is pay'd;
I'le find ſuch excuſes for all her diſdain,
That ſhortly to frown I'le make her afraid.

Her neglect of me, of her ſelf I'le think care;
Her cruelty, I her ſtrict Vertue will name;
When leaſt kind ſhe ſeems, I'le believ her moſt near
And call her refuſal, but a Virgins Fame.

Thus all that was wont heretofore to cure love,
In me ſhall increaſe, and ſtir up the fire;
I'le make her at laſt ſome kind remedy prove,
Since all others but increaſe my deſire.

Whil'ſt no man enjoyes that which I court in vain,
And *Celia* to none is kinder then me;
To her Honour I'le yield, and never complain,
But dye at her feet, if ſo it decree.

SONG.

Drink a bout till the day find us,
These are pleaſures that will laſt,
Let no fooliſh paſſion blind us
Joys of Love make too much haſt.

Maids are long ere we can win 'um,
And our Paſſions waſt the while;

In

In a Beer Glaſs we'l begin 'um,
Let ſome Fool take th' other toy.

Yet we will have ſtore of good Wenches,
Whom their own high bloods ſhall court,
After two or three good Drenches,
To out-do them at the Sport;

Joyning thus both Mirth and Beauty,
To make up our full delight:
In Wine and Love we pay our Duty
To each friendly coming night.

SONG.

WAlking among thick ſhades alone,
I heard a dying voice

Which ſighing ſaid, now ſhe is gone
I'le make no ſecond choice.

I look't and ſaw it was a Swain,
Who to the flying wind,
Did of ſome Neighbouring Nymph complain,
Too fair, and too unkind.

He told me how he ſaw her firſt,
And with what gracious eyes,
And gentle ſpeech that flame ſhe nurſt,
Which ſince ſhe did deſpiſe.

His Vows ſhe did as faſt receive,
As he could breath 'em to her;
Love in her Eyes proclaim'd her leave,
That he alone ſhould woo her.

They feed their flocks ſtill near one place,
And at one inſtant met

He

He gazing on her lovely face,
Fell deeper in the Net.

She ſeem'd of her new Captive glad,
Proud of his Bondage he;
No Lover e're a proſpect had
Of more felicity.

But the falſe Maid, or never lov'd,
Or gave ſo quickly o're;
E're his was to the heighth improv'd,
Her kindneſs was no more.

Even her diſſemblings ſhe let fall,
And made him plainly ſee,
That though his heart ſhe did enthrall,
Her own was ever free.

Now leaſt his care ſhould pity move,
She ſhuns his very ſight;

And

And leave him to that hopeleſs love,
She did create in ſpight.

Her name I could not make him tell,
Though vowing him my aid;
He ſaid he never would reveal,
In Life, nor Death, the Maid.

Then a wild look the Shepherd caſt,
And falling underneath
A Beach, where he had ſeen her laſt,
Reſign'd his utmoſt breath.

SONG.

AS I ſat thoughtful in a ſhade,
There I ſpied a loving pair,

VVho cloſely by each other lay'd,
Paſt their time in ſofter care:

While ſhe look't ſadly on the ground,
On her Eyes the Youth's were fix't;
In which me thought he gladly found
Jealouſie with kindneſs mixt:

But his ſoon dull and heavier grew,
When ſhe rais'd her drooping Head,
And told him, ſince he was untrue,
With his Faith her Love was fled.

Though Jealouſie be full of pain,
Conſtant Love can ſuffer more:
The death of yours, ſayes the griev'd Swain,
Shews it was but weak before.

The Nymph replyed, ſince you can prove
False to one ſo kind as I,

Alaſs, how hard is it to love!
And how eaſie 'tis to dy!

He anſwered, and did gently ſeiſe,
Her fair hand he did adore;
Since you can dy with ſo much eaſe,
You can love me ſtill with more.

Diſguiſe not then your tender heart,
Fear I ſhould anothers be,
Betrayes, in ſpight of all your Art,
That you were born for only me.

Like gentle Dew on wither'd leaves,
Love is loſt on almoſt all:
But the freſh Flower with joy receives
That which there would vainly fall.

To faireſt Nymphs Love adds a grace,
And no kind one can be foul;
Love gives a Beauty to the Face,
And a ſoftneſs to the Soul.

Since therefore fain'd inconſtancy,
With the world deceives you too;
Henceforth my flame ſhall rather be
Seen by all, then not by you.

As by ſome waters purling noiſe,
Oft repoſe we ſooneſt find;
So theſe fond Turtles murmuring joyes,
Rock't aſleep my reſtleſs mind.

Which I from this bleſt couple brought,
Freed from all my duller care;
But, in its place, alaſs, I thought
Him too happie. Her too fair.

SONG.

SONG

THe Grave my envy now beget,
That did my pity move;
Who, by the right of wanting Wit
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour Fools, because they are
By that defect secure;
From slavery, and toils of War,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, that suffer cold neglect,
And wounds from *Celia's* Eyes,
Begin extreamly to respect
These Fools, that seem so wise.

'Tis

'Tis true, they ſet their ſilly hearts
On things of no delight;
To paſs all day for men of parts,
They paſs alone the night:

But *Celia* never breaks their reſt;
Such ſervants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the Fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her chains.

SONG.

SONG.

The Ballers Life,

THEY have too many hours, that employ 'em
About Buſineſs, Ambition, or News,
While we that know how to enjoy 'em,
Wiſh in vain for the time which ſuch Block-heads miſuſe:

They that toyl in impertinent care,
May ſtrive to be often at leaſure;
They cannot be worſe then they are;
But we whoſe buſineſs is pleaſure,
Have never a moment to ſpare.

With

With dangerous Damsels we dally,
Till we come to a closer dispute;
And when we no more Forces can rally,
Our kind foes give us leave to retire and recruit;
Then drooping to *Bacchus* we fly,
Who Nobly regarding our merits,
With succours always is nigh;
And thus reviving our spirits,
We love, and we drink till we die.

SONG.

WHEN cold despair
Would quench my passion, and end all my care,
Then gentle words, and gentle sighs recall

My vaniſhing hopes which fain would ſtay;
But ſtranger fears ſoon drives my hopes away;
And back again to grief I fall:
Her favour thus, like Cordials given in vain
To dying men, does but prolong my pain.
Ah *Gloriana*, why
Like all your other Lovers may not I
Have leave, alas, ſoon to deſpair and dy?
Be rather cruel, then but kind in part,
Hide thoſe ſoft looks, or ſhew as ſoft a heart.

To Celia.

CElia, the faithful ſervant you diſown,
Wou'd in obedience keep his love unknown

Bu

*B*ut bright *Idea's* ſuch as you inſpire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire;
My heart at home, in my own breſt did dwell
Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell,
Unknown, and undiſturb'd, it reſted there,
Stranger alike to hope, and to diſpair:
But Loves Tumultuous Train does now invade
The ſacred quiet of this hollowed ſhade;
His fatal flame ſhine out to every eye,
Like blazing Comets in a VVinter Sky.
Fair and ſevere like Heav'n! you injoyn,
Commands that ſeems croſs to your own deſign;
Forbidding what your ſelves incline us to:
Since if from Heavenly power you will allow,
That all our faculty proceed; 'tis plain,
What 'ere we will, is that the Gods ordain;
But they and you, Rights without Limit have,
Over your Creatures, and (more yours) your ſlave:

And

And I am one, born only to admire,
To humble 'ere to hope, ſcarce to deſire,
A thing whoſe bliſs depends upon your will;
Who cou'd be proud, you'd deign to uſe him ill.
How can my paſſion merit your offence,
That challenges ſo little recompence?
Let me but ever love, and ever be
The Example of your power and cruelty;
Since ſo much ſcorn does in your breſt reſide,
Be more indulgent to its Mother, Pride;
Kill all you ſtrike, and trample on their Graves;
But own the Fates of your neglected ſlaves:
When in the crowd yours undiſtinguiſh'd lyes,
You give away the Triumph of your Eyes:
Permit me then to glory in my Chains,
My fruitleſs ſighs, and my unpitied pains:
Perhaps obtaining this, you'll think I find
More Mercy then your Anger has deſign'd;

But Love has carefully contriv'd for me,
The last perfection of Misery:
For to my State those hopes of Common peace,
Which Death affords to every Wretch, must cease
My worst of Fates attends me in my Grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.

To *CELIÆ*

ALL things submit themselvs to your command,
Fair *Celia*, when it does not Love withstand,
The power it borrowed from your eyes alone,
All but himself would yield to who has none;
Were he not blind, such are the Charmes you have
He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave.
Be proud to act a Mortal *Heroes* part,
And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart?

But Fate hath otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In different Bonds ſubjecting Slaves, and Kings.
That Fate (like you, reſiſtleſs) does ordain
That Love alone ſhould over Beauty Reign.
By Harmony the Univerſe does move;
And what is Harmony, but mutual Love?
See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged Banks on either ſide,
Whil ſt in their Chriſtal Stream at once they ſhow,
And with them feed the Flowers which they beſtow;
Though preſt upon by their too rude embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To their Lov'd Sea; for even ſtreams have deſire
Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rfull fires.
And with ſuch paſſion, that if any force
Stop or moleſt um in their Am'rous courſe,
They ſwell with rage, break down, and ravage ore
The Banks they kiſs'd, the flowers they fed before.

Who

Who would reſiſt an Empire ſo Divine,
Which Univerſal Nature does enjoyn?
Submit then *Celia* er'e you be reduc'd,
For Rebels vanquiſht once, are vilely us'd.
And ſuch are you, when e're you dare obey
Another paſſion, and your Love betray.
You are Loves Citadels, by you he reigns,
And his proud Empire o're the World maintains;
He truſts you with his Stratagems and Arms,
His frowns, his ſmiles, &all his conquering charms.
Beauty's no more but the dead Soyl which Love
Mannures, and does by wiſe Commerce improve;
Sayling by Sighes through Seas of tears, he ſends,
Courtſhip from Forraign hearts: For your own ends
Cheriſh a Trade; for as with *Indians* we
Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery,
So to each other for their uſeleſs Toyes,
Lovers afford Ineſtimable Joyes:

But if you're fond of Trifles, be, and ſtarve,
Your Gugaw Reputation preſerve;
Live upon Modeſty and empty Fame,
Foregoing Senſe, for a fantaſtick Name.

SONG.

As he lay in the Plain, his arm under his head
And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* (ſaid

Love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter (ſaid he) whence are Lovers content
Since *I* ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould *I* complain
Or grieve at my Fate, when *I* know, 'tis in vain
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, & tickles my heart
To my ſelf I ſigh often without knowing why;
And whence abſent from *Phillis*, methinks I could die;

But

But oh! what a pleaſure ſtill follows my pain;
When kinde Fortune do's help me to ſee her again.
In her eyes (the bright Stars that foretel what's (to come,
By ſoft ſtealth now and then I examine my doom.
I preſs her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe do's prove
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare (name

SONG.

HOw Charming are thoſe pleaſant pains
Which the ſucceſsfull Lover gains!
Oh! how the longing Spirit flies,
On ſcorching ſighes, from dying eyes?
Whoſe intermixing Rayes impart,
Love's welcome Meſſage to the heart.

Then, how the active Pulſe grow'n warm,
To every ſenſe gives the Alarm!
But oh! the Raptures, and the Qualms,
When Love unites the melting Palms!
What extaſies! what hopes and fears!
What pretty talk, and am'rous t ears
To theſe, a thouſand Vowes ſucceed;

And

And then, oh Heavens! the secret deed!
When sense and Soul are bath'd in bliss,
Think, dear *Aminda!* think on this;
And curse those hours, we did not prove
The ravishing delights of Love.

SONG.

GIve o'r foolish heart, and make hast to despair,
For *Daphne* regards not thy vows nor thy prayer
When I plead for thy passion, thy pains to prolong,
She courts her Ghittar, and replies with a Song;
No more shall true Lovers thy Beauty adore,
Were the Gods so severe, men would worship no more.

No

No more will I wait like a Slave at thy dore,
I'le spend the cold nights at thy window no more:
My Lungs in long sighs I no more will exhale,
Since thy Pride is to make me grow sullen and pale;
No more shall *Amintas* thy pity implore,
Were the Gods so ingrate, men would worship no more.

No more shall thy Frowns or free humor perswade,
To court the fair Idol my Fancy has made;
When thy Saints so neglected, their follies give o're
Thy Deity's lost, and thy Beauty's no more.
No more, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd by hope, or oppress'd by disdain:
No sooner my *Daphne*'s bright Eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew;

No

No more cruel Nymph *I* will murmure no more,
Did the Gods ſeem ſo fair, men would worſhip them
(more.

SONG.

With ſo much eaſe ingrateful Swains,
Your faithleſs vows have cur'd your pains

You think by thoſe your perjuries betray'd,
That all are falſe, or elſe may ſo be made?
And ev'ry ſmile or pleaſing word proclaimes,
The coldeſt Nymph an offring to your flames.

Vain Shepherd know that now's the time
To ſuffer for thy boaſted crime:
Repeated Vows with me leſs credit find,
Then ſmiling Sea's, or the uncertain Wind.

Deep

Deep Sighs and frequent tears as things of course,
So common are that they have lost their force.
Thy Passions Truth will best appear
Disguis'd in doubts and guilty fear;
When all the Heart and careful Tongue conceal,
The Sense disorder'd, and the Eyes reveal;
Such dark confusion makes the flame shine bright,
So stars are best discern'd through shades of night.
One stol'n look can better woe,
Then Sighs and Tears and Vowes can doe:
The falsest Hearts like empty Vessels sound,
But may thy feign'd; become a real wound,
That thy severer Pennance may declare
How great mens crimes, and womens virtues arse.

SONG.

SONG.

DEar *Aminda*, in vain you so coily refuse,
What nature and Love do inspire;
That formal old way which your Mother did use,
Can never confine the desire
It rather adds Oyl to the fire.

When the tempting delights of woing are lost,
And pleasure's a Duty become;
We both shall appear, like some dead Lovers ghost,
To frighten each other from home;
And the Genial bed like a Tombe.

Now, low at your feet your fond Lover will lye,
And seek a new Fate in your eyes;
One Amorous smile will exalt him so high,
He can all but *Aminda* despise;
Then change to a frown, and he dies.

To

To love, and each other, we'll ever be true;
But to raiſe our Enjoyments by Art,
We'll often fall out, and as often renew,
For to wound and cure the ſmart,
Is the pleaſure which captives the Heart.

A PANEGYRICK ſent by a Gentleman, with his Picture to his Myſtriſs.

GO, Envied Picture. With her leave, preſume
To go where baniſh'd *I* muſt never come.
Thou art not from *Orinda's* Eyes debar'd;
She doom'd the ſubſtance, but the ſhadow ſpar'd;
How different is my puniſhment to theirs,
Who for their ſins are ſent to offer Prayers;
And viſit Saints at ſome far diſtant ſhrine?

But

But my hard pennance is to ſtay from mine.
Yet this may freely paſs ſhe's pleaſ'd to grant
My Deputy may viſit my fair Saint:
My Duty to my Picture *I* reſign,
The Pilgrim That, but the Devotion's Mine.
Since I'm debarr'd the freedom to be juſt,
To this ſmall Envoy *I* my vows intruſt.
This dumb *Sollicitour* plac'd in my ſtead,
May minde you of that cauſe, it cannot plead.
Whene're you look on this, think on my ſtate,
And let my Offering be my Advocate.
But go thou falſe Diſſembler. For each Line,
Which while with her kind Preſence bleſt, was mine;
Now in her abſence no Reſemblance bears,
To look like Me it wants my Griefs and Tears.
Wanting her preſence, all my looks and ſence,
Which were employ'd t' admire her Excellence.

She gon, are grown so stupid and so dull
My shadow wants a Body, I a Soul
To him that Loves the gentle Fates allow
A Constancy in all things but his Brow.
He may look Dull, or Gay; be Mean, or Brave,
As he's a happy or a wretched Slave,
Who then Paints Me ——
Must draw me in my Chains, each Feature mould
Just as the state I with my Conq'rour hold.
And to describe each Line must look on You:
Beauty that can make Shadows False, or True.
However go, and her fair Hand salute.
Thy want of Merits She will ne're dispute
So much of Heav'n reigns in her Generous Heart
She can give Honours though to undesert.
If my best Hopes prove true, and she prove Kind,
Thou from her Favours mayst Preferment find.
She may vouchsafe to wear thee at her Brest.
Thus Worn, thus Rays'd, thus honour'd, & thus Blest

Had

Had it but half the Love and flames I felt,
T'would burſt the Chryſtal, and the Gold would melt
And at th' approach of ſo ſublime a Bliſs,
Break through its Priſon walls to force a Kiſs
But oh that Bleſſing's not for Souls and Sence
Her Virtues cheriſh nought but Innocence.
Dull Picture cold and ſenceleſs as thou art,
Thou mayſt preſs neare her Boſome and her Heart.
That Rape is not for Fleſh and Blood deſign'd,
Her Smile's too great a bleſſing for Mankind.
Though thou'rt a poor low Preſent, yet that Seat
Her Boſome will enſtall thee Rich and Great.
Thy cancel'd Imperfections then are ceaſt.
The Sacred Lodging Conſecrates the Gueſt.
Thy Price is from thy Entertainment given,
T'is the Heaven makes the Saints, & not they Heaven
T'is thy Exalted ſtate thy Worth declares,
Baſe Meteors thus when rayſd on high, ſeem Stars.

From her fair Hand thy borrowed Luſtre hold.
She can lend value to thy worthleſs Gold.
But if her favours can the Gift advance,
How much would they the Offerers worth inhance?
I'de tell her, (were it not a thought I find
Too large to be to breath and words confin'd)
How bleſt, how proud, how glorious *I* ſhould be;
How Generous, how Divine, how Charming ſhe;
To make her Acts of Grace thus near of Kin,
To wear this at her Breaſt, and Me within.

A LETTER ſent from a Gentleman to his Friend.

DEAR *Jack*! *I* wonder what a devil
Obliges thee to be ſo Civil,
Thus long to ſtay in Countrey-village,
To minde thy Fathers Ploughs and Tillage.

When

When we, in Town, for our diverſion,
Drink hard, ſometimes, to cure a *Tertian*,
And twenty other things, as *Hector*
And VVench, which (*Jack*) thou mayſt conjecture;
VVe want thee, 'Faith, to help us out here,
VV'are damnably put to the Rout here;
For t'other day ſeven *Bacchanalians*
Fell briskly on us, they were Aliens;
And to thoſe jolly Rites inur'd,
We drunk while drink could be endur'd;
Sev'n Brimmers in a Hand went round,
In which ſev'n worthy Wights were drown'd.
Poor Shallow *Ned* that night lay rough,
And ever ſince has had a Cough.
Which makes Him bark like angry Puppy,
'Gainſt thoſe who ſuch large doſes ſup-ye;
But wenching He do's much delight in,
And is eſteem'd an Arrant Knight in;

Beſides, the Rogue do's know ſome women
That are not Whores, *I* mean not common.
To one of which, who he proteſted
Was with all Ornaments inveſted.
He led me——
When reſt from drink had lent me leiſure,
A *Miſs* for wedlock (*Jack*) not pleaſure.
I laugh'd in ſleeve to think the Youngſter
*I*magin'd *I* would keep a Long-ſtir.
With Complements as for my life,
And all to yoke my ſelf with wife;
Though as *I* live I ſtill muſt own,
Her beauty might become a Throne;
But I, like Rogue, indoctrinated,
In ſuch *I*ntrigues devoutly prated
Much modiſh Nonſence; which as good hap,
Or Love wou'd have it, ſtir'd her blood up
With ſuch delight that all our diſcourſe

Was from our eyes, where Love had's Courſe.
So free that kiſſes were as common,
As thoſe we give to naughty woman,
And mingled palms had bred ſuch heat,
That all our Love came out in ſweat.
Of which *I* this took Notice---Dammee
Madam, ſaid *I*, your hands are Clammy.
She bluſh'd and look'd as if diſpleas'd
——When *I* to mend the matter---
Laugh'd at my impudence, and this pleas'd.
But *I*'le be ſhort, this my firſt viſit,
So well, on my part did ſolicit.
That ere months end to me, a whole-age
I of my *Miſs* had better Knowledge.
But nów methinks *I* ſee thy *Grotto*
Where on's inſcrib'd the antient Motto.
Which us'd to me to be thy Story,
Debauch'd Young men, *Memento Mori*.

And now——

That thou mayst see I make no waste on't,
I have thought fit to give th' a Taste on't.

A Memento Mori.

AH! the sad houre
When friends shall loure
And say, He's breathing now his last,
When thoughts of Love and Drink are past;
When Tyrant Death usurps that brain,
Where little Maggot us'd to reign;
And with its damn'd unmodish Witches,
Pulls out the flame of my *Caprici's*;
And with ill tasts that Mouth's infecting,
Which Cheats in Wine was still detecting,
When 'stead of *Frontigniac* or *Champaign*,
They give me juice of *E La Campane*;
And 'stead of Songs and bawdy Verses,
One *Hopkins's* damn'd Rime rehearses;
Another, he falls on his Knees;

That

That, that alone is a Diſeaſe!
For (*Jack*) thou knowſt I ne're could pray,
Unleſs 'twere on a Holiday;
When Organ, Voice and Violin,
Wheedles our wicked thoughts from ſin;
And then methinks I am in Heaven,
With *Bacchus* drinking Brimmers ſeven.
When *Pan* and *Phœbus* make us Muſick,
Without which, praying wou'd make you ſick:
But without Complement or Pray'r,
Which are but words, and words but Air;
Bacchus will take me to his Table,
And ſeat me 'midſt the jolly Rabble.

A NEW SONG.

OF all the briſk Dancers my *Saleena* for me,
For I love not a woman unleſs ſhe be free;
The affection that I to my Myſtriſs do pay,
Grows weary unleſs ſhe do meet me half-way:

There can be no pleasure till humour do hit,
Then Jumping is as good as affection in wit.
No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;
No sooner I ask'd but She graunted my boon.
And without a preamble, a Portion or Joynter,
She promis'd to meet me, where ere I appoint her,
So we struck up the Match, and Embraced each other
Without the consent of Father or Mother.
Then away with the Lady that's Modest and Coy
Let her end be the pleasure that we do enjoy.
Let her tickle her Fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day what she longs for at night.
I believe my *Sallena* say they are all mad
To pick on dry bones while flesh may be had.

The Pot Rapsodes.

I'Le leave the dish and hugg the Glasse,
Whatere's the meat give me the sauce:

Who

Who ſwallows Crit, and never drinks
'Slike him that ſpeaks before he thinks,
Meat's but a groſs *parentheſis*,
No eſſence, but in liquid bliſs.
Jove were a mortal, were it not,
Hee's deified by the Pot;
Europa ſat not on his Back,
Had he not ſwam through Seas of *Sack*.
I'le mount my thoughts to Giant height
I'm Conſtellation in conceit.
I'le pluck down *Sol*, and mount his Sphere,
Then ſullen *Daphne* ſhall appear;
And ſeeing me graſp *Phœbus* rayes,
Shall cringe and crown me with her Bayes
I'le rape the *Moon*; it ſhall be ſaid,
Cynthia 'th chang'd the name of Maid.
Her twinkling Girles ſhall all be ta'ne,
No Virgin left to bear her train.

The

Thus Conquering Sun, Moon and Stars,
With gods themſelves I'le wager Warrs.
Or if on Earth my Minde can reſt,
I'le be a Monarch at the leaſt.
Our dull *Plebeians* ſhall grow quicker,
Rinsing their muddy brains in liquor:
The *Miſer* then ſhall ſcatter Caſh,
For Wine ſhall change his Balderdaſh;
And ſing, and drink, and ſing,
Till every ſubject turn a King.

The Conquer'd Gods ſhall make us legs,
Intreating they may ſip the dregs.
Thus will we tipple till the World
Into Oblivion is hurl'd,
And when we feel Old-Age doth come;
We'll poſt into *Elyzium*,
And there our chiefeſt Joy ſhall be
To think of paſt Felicitie.

SONG.

SONG.

IT is not, *Chloris*, your diſdain
Can ever cover with deſpair,
Or in cold Aſhes hide that care;
Which I have fed with ſo long pain,
I may perhaps my Eyes refrain,
And fruitleſs words no more impart,
But yet ſtill ſerve, ſtill ſerve you in my heart.

What though I ſpend my hapleſs days
In finding Entertainments out,
Careleſs of what I go about:
Or ſeek my peace in skilful ways,
Applying to my Eyes new Rayes
Of Beauty and another flame,
Unto my heart, my heart is ſtill the ſame.

'Tis

'Tis true, that I could love no face,
Inhabited by cold diſdain,
Taking delight in others pain.
Your looks are full of native grace,
Scorn there, by chance, alone has place;
And 'tis my hope I may in time remove,
This ſcorn one day, One day by endleſs Love.

SONG.

AH *Chloris* wou'd the Fates allow
We ſtill might love as we love now,
The world has no ſuch joyes in ſtore,
Fancy it ſelf can wiſh no more.
For nothing ſure ſo ſweet can prove,
As pleaſures of beginning Love.
But Love when to his height arriv'd,
Of all our Joyes is ſhorteſt liv'd;

His

His Morning paſt he ſets ſo ſoon,
That none can find his afternoon;
And of that little time is lent,
Half in unkindneſs is miſpent.
Since Fate to Love ſo ſhort life gives,
And Loves ſo tender while he lives.
Let us remove mean doubts away,
So to prevent his firſt decay;
Like *Vines*, no ſecond wound, Love bears
But weeps away his life in Tears.

To CHLORIS.

CHloris, ſince you my paſſion know,
And ev'ry look my Love does ſhow,
Since int'reſt which ſo long did ſway,
To your ſoft rule at laſt gives way;

A ſlave to all the Motions of your Will,
Why would you have me pine and languiſh ſtill.

I know you cannot love to ſee
The many pains that torture me,
When at your feet my ſelf *I* lay,
You always turn your eyes away:
Beauty a ſoftneſs from its Nature takes,
Which cannot look upon the wouuds it makes.

Nor can your tender breaſt yet be
From all Arreſts of Paſſion free:
No, 'tis ſome happier Love, *I* fear,
Has taken up the Lodgings there:
While like an importuning Beggar, *I*
Turn'd out of doors, muſt thenceforth ſtarve & die

OCTAVIO to PORTIA.

MAY the bright *Portia*, to whoſe ſway
So many Lovers yield each day,

Not

Not be diſpleas'd, if even to her
Octavio dares his hopes prefer:
And vows none elſe had e're the pow'r
To make him love above an houre:
'Tis you have found at once the Art,
To conquer and reform his heart.
Too much, 'twas giv'n t'inconſtancy before,
But now 'tis ſo well plac'd, 'twill change no more.

Your ſcorn can ne're put out that Fire,
Which your more pow'rful Eyes inſpire.
Be as diſdainful as you will,
He'le ſuffer all, and love you ſtill.
Yet do not you imperious grow,
Becauſe his humble flames you know:
Nor o're your ſlave with rigour reign,
Becauſe he cannot break his chain.

Like

Like Kings, who never treat their Subjects well
When they are once assur'd they can't rebel.
He hopes like all great Beautyes you,
Take pleasures only to subdue,
All hearts to love, but won't think fit,
To torture Slaves that bow to it;
So some brave *Hero* seeks to kill,
By all the wayes of force and skill.
While his proud foe maintains the strife,
But gives him, when he yields, his life.
Hearts that are hardn'd against threatning steel,
The gentle touches of compassion feel.

SONG.

WHen as my *Thirsis* first did view me,
With languishing and charming eyes,
With many a sigh he seem'd to wooe me.
And did my foolish heart surprize,

With

With thoſe falſe looks that are in faſhion,
But I my folly loath to own,
ſtriving to hide that riſing paſſion;
Care to conceal it made it known.

For the brisk youth did ſoon diſcover
A mighty tumult in my face,
All the diſorder of a Lover,
When Paſſions combate in that place;
Emboldn'd then he ſtreight drew nigh me
With gentle ſweetneſs in his eyes,
ſaying, fair *Celia*, do not fly me,
Or my poor humble heart deſpiſe.

A Tribute which I ne're did pay yet,
To any Nymph upon the Plain,
And ſhould you cruelly betray it?
But oh! that caution was in vain;
Yet ſaid I love will ſoon be flying,

Which

VVhich in a moment has its Birth,
As the too early Flow'rs are dying,
The very minute they come forth.

My Love ſaid he from Fate ariſing,
I can no more quit then avoid:
But Love, produc'd from ſlow adviſing,
By the ſame means might be deſtroy'd.
That which *I* have for that bright face, is
A ſympathy, not lazie love.
The ſteel the Loadſtone thus embraces,
And of it ſelf will ne're remove.

Then many am'rous Vows he uſes,
To vouch his conſtancy and truth.
Hard is that heart that once refuſes
To love and truſt the lovely Youth.

He

He playes then with my dangling Treſſes,
And humbly gazes on my face.
Kiſſes my hand, my breaſt he preſſes,
Alaſs, with too bewitching Grace.

My blood grew chill, my heart too panting,
Like the gentle Murmuring Doves;
The skillful Youth no cunning wanting
That fatal minute ſoon improves.

He gently then lays me down by him,
And many wianing Oaths he ſwore,
Asking what I cou'd not deny him,
He had subdu'd me ſo before.

Ah then he rob'd me of that treaſure,
Which ne're can be reſtor'd again.

But Oh the pain, yet Oh the pleaſure,
And Oh that both might ſtill remain.

But ſoon alas from me he parted,
And now in vain I make my moan,
Since me he falſly has deſerted;
I'le ſigh, and pine and dye alone.

SONG.

THough *Damon* is haughty and ſeems to deſpiſe,
The fetters he lately has worne,
Yet he knows in his ſoul that his *Phillis*'s eyes;
Were ſhe willing could conquer his ſcorn
Then let not preſumption ſo blind thee fond *Damon*
To think that this Lamour ſhall e're bring my flame on

If

If he had been humble, obliging and free,
Perhaps *I* had pity'd his pain,
But ſince pride and *Inconſtancy* in him I ſee;
He ſhall know H' has but lengthen'd his chayn.
For now I perceive what the *Fop* does endeavour
My Arts ſhall detain him my Captive for ever.

SONG.

IF thou boaſt an Empire *Cupid*,
Why do'ſt thou permit thy State,
Cowardlike as blind as ſtupid;
To be rul'd by a greater Fate.
Fate in thy affairs ſeems rectour,
Lovers 'ſpite of thee may fall,
Laſſe poor child th' art no Proctor;
Fate is Governour of all.

Neither have thine Arrows power,
Since it was my *Celia*'s eyes,
Blasted me thou canst not bow her,
Save with me she sympathize.
Nor e're was that yet procured
By thine, but b' a nat'ral Art.
Nature 'twas that first inured,
Joyning bodies, well as hearts.

SONG *to* LUCINDA.

Lucinda, since we have confess'd
To each other, each others love,
Why should our flames be still suppress'd,
And not to Action move.
Both kindled at the first kind Enterview,
And both with equal care and vigour grew.

Mine

Mine ſcorch'd and ſcorch'd, nor durſt your paſſion (ſay,
You lov'd till forc'd they did themſelves betray.
Now let us ſtudy to improve
Our Paſſions with that fire,
That may not quickly waſte our love,
But ſtill preſerve deſire.
And ſilently enjoy at ſuch a rate,
That diſtance may our Fancies recreate;
Dealing our Loves with that equalitie,
As born together, ſo their Deaths may be.
Lucinda ſhall but whiſper'd be,
Us'd as the Names of Saints;
And call'd on as a Deity
To ſatisfie Complaints.
No other wiſhes dare attempt my breaſt,
Now 'tis with bright *Lucinda* ſo poſſeſs'd.
She fills my thoughts with glory, then I'le cry
Lucinda loves; *Lucinda!* ſo do I.

To his *Miſtriſs.*

A Flame as ſacred as the vowes of thoſe,
Who to devotion do their lifes diſpoſe.
My love has nouriſh'd and to you,
It is an off'ring due.
And with you let it burne,
Though *I* may hope but ſmall return;
Yet may my doubtfull thoughts have reſt,
To know 'tis harbour'd in your breaſt.
Where if but kindly cheriſh'd *I*'le not fear,
But it may kindle the like paſſion there.

A flame it is as chaſt as your own thought,
Free from the vices Nature would have taught;
Refin'd by virtues that attend,
A Lover and a friend.

With

With freedom then you may receive,
What with ſuch *Innocence* I give;
And if ſome heat from you't procures,
Ther's ſtill no fear of hurting yours.
For in that Love no poyſon is conv.y'd,
Where friendſhip is the chief ingredient m.de.

My love thus lodg'd I could contented live,
But when I think how true how much I give;
Your gen'rous mind bids me expect,
From you the like effect.
Then fear not boldly to beſtow,
Your love where you in reaſon owe.
For that and Juſtice too will ſay,
It is a debt you ought to pay;
But if your inclination diſapprove,
My reſolution ſhall be ſtill to love.

SONG.

FAith now my dear I muſt prevaile,
I know you'l not deny me,
For if I wait another gale;
This fortune then may fly me.

Come let's enjoy, I am reſolv'd,
There is no danger near us
Safe as in Rocks w'are here involv'd,
Where none can 'ſpy nor hear us.

The pleaſant murmures of the Trees,
Our gentle whiſpers ſmother,
And ſince no Sun nor Moon can ſee,
Wee'l wink at one another.

Silent

Silent and vigorous wee'l be,
As Birds in our imbraces,
I neither will nor ſhalt thou ſee
The Language of our faces.

Our ſouls alone ſhall have diſcourſe,
Till ev'ry ſence is ſtupid;
And w' are inſpir'd by a freſh force
To propagate à *Cupid*.

To *FLORIDA*.

FLorida, why wilt thou marry,
Now the World is grown ſo wide,
Liberty wou'd have you tarry,
Till Convenience make you Bride.

Hus-

Husband is a word ſounds dully,
Fit for gravity and Age,
Dear, my life, my joy, my bully,
Are the words that more ingage.

I'de not have thee out of faſhion,
Whilſt thy youth and beauty holds,
But to moſt have equal paſſion;
And to ſome ſtark kind and cold.
Humour in the greateſt lovers,
Is allow'd t' admit of change,
Since the wiſe do ſhoot at revers;
'Tis no crime for us to range.

The diſtracted LOVER *to the Ayre of*
Awake all ye dead.

I M'e now in love, but Oh but Oh,
How ſevere are th' effects that from thence do flow. Diſ-

Diſeaſes are trifles to their cruelty,
Thoſe create but a pain, theſe miſery;
Diſtracted ſouls ſo made by Love,
Are bleſt they cannot diſapprove.
The harſh practices that fate on them do's throw,
Whom lov's little God by his power brings to woe;
Then cruel ſhe, or come or come,
And allot me thy breaſt, or a tomb, a tomb.

'Tis nobler far to kill, to kill
A condemn'd ſlave then to keep him ſtill;
With his breaſt full of horrour expecting then,
Ev'ry moment a death, yet knows not when.
Conqueſt delay'd in none is brave,
When they may give a ſuddain grave.
To thoſe that are cloath'd in black deſpair,
Delayes like ſome poiſons corroſive are,
Then once more ſend thine eye, theine eye,
That will ſurely deſtroy, and I dye I dye.

To

To *LAURINDA.*

Laurinda, thou canſt ſhew alone
More Beauty then was ever ſhown,
I've rov'd and find no ſmiles,
T'expreſs thine eyes by, but thine eyes
Angels we ſee not but by thee,
We may conclude ſuch creatures be.
Where then we do ſo much perfection find,
We know that body muſt have ſuch a mind;
Thou needſt no Arts nor Artifice,
For Ornaments but this is this.
And mayſt thy ſelf, thy ſelf prefer
In Church, or Court, or Theatre,
VVhere needfull Females ſhew their tricks
As nature too had Hereticks;

And

And this with care ſo plainly have devis'd
As if 'twere glorious to be ſo diſguis'd.

Happy *Laurinda* where the gall
Of cancker'd tongues can never fall,
Whoſe thoughts are fed with Veſtall fire,
And whom both Sexes do admire.
'Tis you I love beyond degree,
Yet allmoſt think it blaſphemie
But if a Deity can to Love incline,
Kill me to ſay the bleſſing's mine.

Prologue to the Impertinents acted at the Middle TEMPLE.

THe Author of this Play comes to receive,
His final doom which only you can give;
Th' ill-judging Town has favour'd what he writ
Yet what ſo ere they do it is not fit,
'Tſhould paſs for current 'till you licence it.

Though

Though they their favour to him did allow,
He may be found a Malefactor now;
But to your Judgment he must humbly bow.
He by your common law condemn'd must be,
But for releif flies to your Chauncerie.
He fears your Justice when you know that he,
A Member of this learn'd Society;
Left fruitfull Law for barren Poetry,
Yet (Fathers of the Law) if ye will please,
T' unbend your ears, & give your minds some ease
From all the weights which they have born ere (while,
He hopes the mirth in's Play may gain your smile.
And he's not so far gone but that he may,
Plead once before you in a nobler way.

Prologue

Prologue at Oxford.

YOur moſt obliging kindneſs one year ſhown
A ſecond time has brought your Servants (down
From the tumultuous and unlearned Town;
Where Pride and Ignorance in a full cry,
Dare all the Pow'rs of Art and Wit defie:
To the calme dwellings of the Muſes here,
Where all things ſoft and gentle do appear.
When ſacred Learning flouriſhes in peace,
And without noyſe each moment does encreaſe;
Hither, we come and with ſuch pleaſure too,
As we can never hope t'afford to you.
And yet with this we cannot be content,
But you muſt pay for our divertiſement:

A Lover thus to's Miſtriſs does impart,
The treaſure of his purſe as well as heart;
For that of which She has an equal part,

VVhat pleaſure is it to give you delight,
When moſt of you are fit to Judge and write.
Here none t' appear fantaſtick take great pains,
Or under huge white Perr'wigs have no brains;
No bluſtring *Bullyes* come in here half drunk,
For *Chyna* Oranges and love to Punck;
To fly at Vizard Masks talk Nonſence loud,
And with their noiſe out-vye Bear-baiting Croud

Poets ſhould be above ſuch Judges rais'd,
To be condemn'd by ſuch is to be prais'd:
But to his Nurſery of Art and Wit,
Our Poets humbly all their Pens ſubmit.
To you what 'ere they can invent is due,
Since all that's Wit and Art is taught by you.

Thus Inland Brooks into the Ocean flow,

To

To which their ſtreams & fountains too they ow
But Poets muſt their emptineſs de lore,
Who can but give what they receiv'd before.

PROLOGUE to the Ordinary.

FRom you grave men of buſneſs and of trade
Who were for induſtry, not pleaſure, made
We ſeldom do implore, or hope for aid.
For we but rarely are oblig'd by you,
You come but when y'ave nothing elſe to do;
Beſides, our Wit to you neeſs no excuſe,
For you all Wit do like a Myſtriſs uſe;
A thing you ſeldom ſee, while ſome are cloy'd
With Wit, as with a Wife too oft enjoy'd;
Nay, you will think that Wit which is not ſo,
A Quibble, or a little Punn takes you;

'Ineſs does men for buſineſs prepare,
Whi. (Wit delights in eaſe, and hates all care;
But to the young brisk men who think it fit,
To ſpend no Afternoon but in the Pit,
Whether we will or no we muſt ſubmit.
Some come with luſty *Burgundy* half-drunk,
T'eat *China* Oranges, make love to Punk.;
And briskly mount a bench when th' Act is done,
And comb their much-lov'd Periwigs to the tune,
And can ſit out a Play of three houres long,
Minding no part of't but the Dance or Song;
Theſe are our truſty friends, but ſome there are,
Moſt bloody Judges, who no Poets ſpare;
But I have heard ſome injur'd Authors ſay,
That theſe moſt parlous cenſ'rers of a Play,
With little Wit which they ſo much employ,
Which by Reflection only they enjoy,
Would even thoſe from whom they took't de-
ſtroy.

So does the fam'd Enlightner of the Night,
Eclipse the Sun, from whom sh'ad all her light;
And these Mock-Critick-hiss and whistle loud,
And with their noise cut-vie Bear-baiting Croud.
But Ladies, you are sweet, and soft, and fair,
And will the Poet and the Actors spare;
But busy men and Sparks are welcome now,
The little Misses and great Ladies too,
You altogether make a Noble Show.
Y'ave paid for't, and whatever Poets say,
Think or say what you please of this our Play.

EPILOGUE to the Ordinary.

OUR PROLOGUE huff'd, but we are humbler now,
And fear the storme which hangs upon each brow,
Some fights at first some have been bold,
Who in the heat took shelter in the Hold:
But now the danger of your Thunder's nigh,
We have no refuge, but to mercy flie:
We yield our selves, and you so gen'rous are,
Submitting foes, though here so great, you'l spare.
Gallants, if y'are offended at our Play,
And think we have coursely treated you to day:
Think what a famine there is now of Wit,
And that we bring the best that we can get;
We are poor Farmers, and make homely fare,

While

While our rich Landlords may great Feaſts prepare;
But their Revenue now is almoſt ſpent,
And you with little wit muſt be content:
Nonſence ſhall wear the gay diſguiſe of Rhime,
And though not underſtood, ſhall ſweetly chime:
Now empty ſhows muſt want of ſenſe ſupply,
Angels ſhall dance, and *Macbeths* VVitches fly:
You ſhall have ſtorms, thunder & lightning too
And Conjurers raiſe ſpirits to your view:
The upper Gall'ries ſhall have their deſire,
Who love a Fool, a Devil and a Friar:
Damn'd Plays ſhall be adorn'd with mighty Scenes
And Fuſtian ſhall be ſpoke in huge Machines:
And we will purling ſtreams and fire-works ſhow
And you may live to ſee it rain and ſnow,
So Poets ſave their wit they care not how.
This all our Scriblers can perform with eaſe.

Tickle the fools, though not the Witty please;
If you expect true Comedy agen,
That represents not Monsters, but shows men;
Your expectation will be cross'd, we fear,
For we have little hope to see such here.

A Prologue spoken at Court to the Empereſs of Morocco.

THE mighty Army now assembled here,
Of dreadful Criticks well might make us fear;
But, Sir, to your Protection we retire;
No Foe (we know) will at your quarters fire,
Though n're so bad, if you but grace our Play,
We and our Poet shall be safe to day:
Your Royal stamp can make all money pass,
And none dares clip your Coin, tho' but of brass:

Our

Our valiant *Hero's*, like their Ladies, quake,
And they (poor ſouls) all wiſh they now could take
Morocco's deepeſt black their Cheeks to hide,
That when they bluſh, it might by none be ſpy'd.
Like baſhful Brides call'd to the Marriage-bed,
They can't go back, and dare not forward tread;
But you, great Sir, may ſoon remove their feare,
And eaſe thoſe hearts where you've the greateſt ſhare.
You with a ſmile can troubled minds aſſure,
As with a Touch you ſickly bodies cure.

To the Audience.

Now Gallants, ſomthing ſhould to you be ſaid:
But Beauty better much then Wit can plead:
None will this fair Petitioner withſtand;
I can but only beg; She, may command.

Spoken by the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

As timorous Fav'rites that have slighted long
A Faction, which at last they finde grow strong,
Think with themselvs how they betime may close
And make a Peace with their prevailing foes:
So our young Ladies almost dead with fear,
Reflect on all they may have anger'd here:
And with a flattering Prologue would excuse
The scorn and rigour which they once did use.
This humble Errand I am sent to doe,
But it would ill become our Sex to woo,
Nor shall we need it sure to such as you.
Methinks you should not rail at us to day,
And you are too gallant to minde the Play.
But though you do, we hope at last each scene
Where we shall act, will take, tho' ne're so mean.

In

In a fine Ladies Mouth all fine will ſhow,
As Winds blow ſweet when they through Gardens blow.
Uſe well the Power we put into your hands,
And know, long at its height no Empire ſtands.
You were at ours, we at your mercy now,
And muſt like Vaſſals to our Vaſſals bow;
Yet my briſk *Monſieurs*, be not too ſevere,
Y'ave but a little time to dominere,
And every Jeſt of yours may coſt you dear:
'Tis but like Royal ſlaves, this night you reign:
The Play once done, we ſhall be crown'd again,
And you, poor Captives, muſt reſume your Chain.
Then do your worſt, we will the ſhock abide,
You can at moſt but a feign'd Love deride,
When in good earneſt you ſhall come to woo,
It will be then our turn to laugh at you.

Another Prologue ſpoke at Court to the Empereſs of Morocco.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear,
Unmannerly, or at the beſt ſevere:
And Poets ſhare the Fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to pleaſe you all.
'Tis hard, your ſcorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.
You Men would think it an ill-natur'd Jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you did your beſt.
Then rail not here, though you ſee reaſon for't;
If Wit can finde it ſelf no better ſport.
Wit is a very fooliſh thing at Court.
Wit's buſ'neſs is to pleaſe, and not to fright,
'Tis no Wit to be always in the right,
You'll find none, who dare be ſo to night.

Few

Few ſo ill-bred will venture to a Play,
To ſpy out faults in what we VVomen ſay
For us no matter what we ſpeak, but how,
How kindly can we ſay---I hate you now.
And for the men, if you'l laugh at 'em, do;
They minde themſelves ſo much, they'll ne're minde you----
But why do *I* deſcend to loſe a Prayer
On thoſe ſmall Saints in Wit, the God ſits there.
To you (Great Sir) my Meſſage hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty your Allies and Friends.
See my Credentials written in my Face,
They challenge your Protection in this place,
And hither come with ſuch a force of charmes,
As may give Check even to your proſp'rous Armes:
Millions of *Cupids* hovering in the Rear,
Like Eagles following, fatal Troops appear.

All

All waiting for the ſlaughter, which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold Gazers, who this Night muſt dy.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft Captivitie,
From which old Age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the fatal Conſequence----
Since, 'tis well known for your own part (Great Prince)
'Gainſt us you ſtill have made a weak defence----
Be gen'rous, and wiſe, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart.
Elſe you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vaſſals, and to conquer Kings.
But oh! to what vain Conqueſt I pretend,
While *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend.
Our victory your Empire more aſſures,
For *Love* will ever make the Triumph yours.

A SONG.

FOrgive me *Jove*!
Or, if there be a kinder god above,
Forgive a Rebel to the Power of Love:
Hear me (kind *Cupid*) and accept my Vow,
Mine, who devoutly at thy Altar Bow;
O! hear me now:
Dorinda hear, and what *I* ve done amiſs
Pardon, and ſeal that pardon with a Kiſs.
Stay! methinks the melting Saint,
Kindly Ecchoes my complaint;
Look! *I* fancy *I* deſcry
Pity dropping from her eye;
Hark! ſhe ſays *Philander* live,
All thy Errours *I* forgive:

And

And now, ah me! to repent *I* begin,
That againſt ſo much goodneſs *I* ever ſhould Sin;
But never again, oh! never will *I*,
Offend my *Dorinda*, for ſooner *I'*le dye.

SONG.

AH Cruel Eyes! that firſt enflam'd
My poor reſiſtleſs heart;
That, when I would my thoughts have blam'd
they ſtill encreaſe the ſmart:

What pow'r above
Creates ſuch Love.

To languiſh with deſire;

May ſome diſdain
Encreaſe my pain,

Or may the flame expire.

And

And yet I die to think how ſoon
My wiſhes may return,
If ſlighted, and my hopes once gone,
I muſt in ſilence mourn:

Then Tyranneſs
Do but expreſs,
The Myſtry of your pow'r,
'Tis as ſoon ſaid,
You'll love and wed
As ſtudying for't an hour.

I yield to Fate, though your fair eyes
Have made the pow'r your own;
'Twàs they did firſt my heart ſurprize,
Dear Nymph 'twas they alone:

For honour's ſake,
Your heart awake,
And let your pity move:
Leſt in deſpair
Of one ſo fair,
I bid adieu to Love.

A SONG.

NAy! let me alone,
protest I'le be gone;
'Tis a folly to think I'le be subject to One:
Never hope to Confine
A Young Gallant to dine,
Like a Scholar of *Oxford*, on naught but the Loyn,
For, after Enjoyment, our Bellies are full;
And the same dish again makes the Appetite dull.

By your Wantoning Art;
Of a Sigh, and a Start,
You endeavour, in vain, to inveigle my heart:
For the Pretty Disguise
Of your Languishing Eyes,
Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise:

And

And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous T.
When a Lover has din'd, to perswade him to eat.

Faith *Betty* the Jest
Is almost at the best,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:
For when we've enjoy'd;
And with pleasures are cloy'd?
The vows, that we made to love, ever are v.i.:
And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever un.,
That a meal should be made of a Relishing B.

A SONG in the *Dutch-Lover*.

Mintas bid me to a Grove,
Where all the Trees did shade us,
The Sun it self, though it had strove,
It could not have betray'd us,

The place, secur'd from Humane eyes,
No other fear allows,
But, when the Wind doth gently rise,
To kiss the yeilding boughs.

(2)

Down there we sat upon the Mosse,
And did begin to play,
A thousand wanton tricks to passe
The heat of all the day;
A many kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same,
Which made me willing to receive.
That which I dare not name.

(3)

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd
To tell their am'rous tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail:

He did but kiſſe, and claſp me round,
Whilſt thoſe his thoughts expreſsd,
And laid me ſofdly on the ground,
Oh! who can gueſs the reſt.

SONG.

O The time that is paſt,
When ſhe held me ſo faſt,
And declar'd that her honour no longer could laſt,
When no light, but her languiſhing eyes did appear
To prevent all excuſes of bluſhes and fear.

When ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch trembling and haſte,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer embrac'd,
My Lips the ſweet pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my hand was in ſearch of hid treaſure employ'd.

My heart set on fire
With the flames of desire;
Boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
She cry'd, for pity sake, change your ill mind,
Nay *Amintas* be civil, or I'le be unkind,

Dear *Amintas*, she cries,
Then casts down her eyes,
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denies,
The sure of my Conquest *I* purpos'd to stay
Till her free consent had more sweetned the prey.

But too late *I* begun
For her passion was done;
No, *Amintas*, she cries, I will never be won;
Your tears, and your Courtship, no pity can move,
For you've slighted the Critical minute of Love.

SONG

Song *on the* London *Ladies*

(1)

TIme was, thou must dwindle thy mony and time
And, the deareſt of all thy vigour, and prime
To Court a coy Miſtris, that long'd for't as much
As thou couldſt deſire to give her a touch:
But now the rate's known; the beſt will turn up
Foe a Guiny, a Pullet, and t'other old cup:
A World 'tis of pleaſure, one Necklace of Pearl,
Will conjure the richeſt, or modeſteſt Girl.

(2)

All Trade is for gain, all Commodities ſold,
Fear not; for thy coyn thou mayſt juſtly be bold:
A pox on fine words; the contemplative fool
Talks of Love, and of flame; an oh! what mis-rule,

These keep in his heart: now a sigh, then a groan;
And her very jeca's sufficient alone
To fill him with raptures, sweet dreams, and what not!
When alas! all the while her flames are as hot.

(3)

In company with her, each glance drops a Charm,
And she gives him her hand, to keep him still warm;
For this is the man she designes her lewd life,
To cloak with the serious name of a Wife:
To the modest all distance, with those that are free
She can tickle, and kiss, and kinder yet be:
Adieu to fond Courtship, all Arguments lie,
In the briskest assault, when the pockets let flie.

(4)

Love is banish'd the world, and vertue is gone
To some private recess, to lament all alone;

For

For now she grows barren, and none of her race
Can be found either with, or without a good face:
To the Mal, to the Park, to the Pit, or the Box;
Where you will, you can't miss: there's meat for the Cocks.
And thus will it be, for old *Eve* at the first,
And her Daughters e're since have made all Men accurst.

FINIS.